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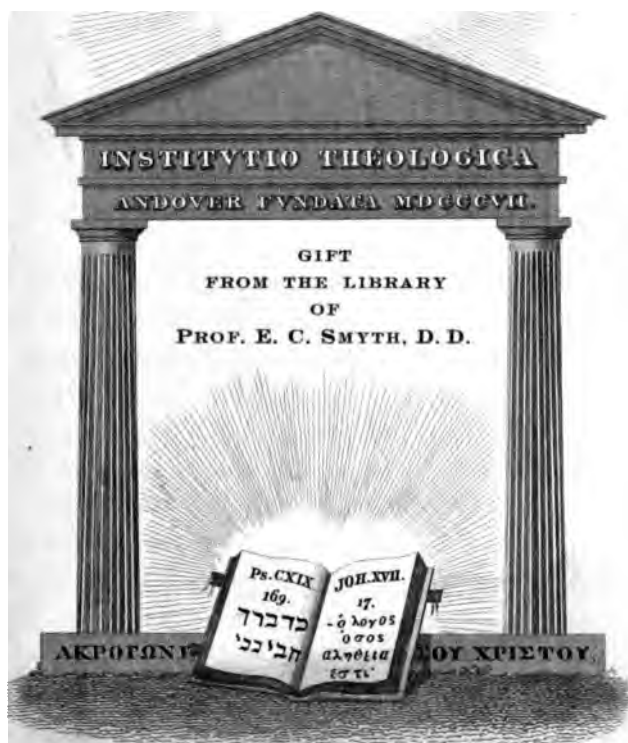
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Gleanings by the Way.

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GLEANINGS BY THE WAY,

From '36 to '89.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY

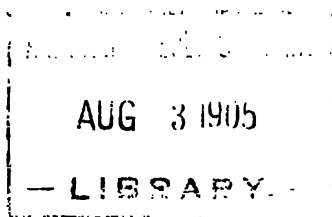
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PREFACE.

PART FIRST

Shows something of school and college ways fifty and thirty years ago; of a voyage around Cape Horn; life in Valparaiso, South America; adventures in California in '49 and '50; touring through Old Mexico; crossing the Gulf, and taking a boat up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati and Baltimore, and from there by rail to the old home of childhood days, in western New York.

PART SECOND

Gives incidents of missionary work in Missouri, Colorado and Dakota, with over two years' service in New England as Field Secretary of the American Congregational Union.

DEDICATED

TO

MY CHILDREN AND OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE

FAVORED WITH LIFE IN THIS PERIOD OF TIME, PROMISING GRANDER

POSSIBILITIES FOR THE KING'S GLORY AND THE WEL-

FARE OF MANKIND THAN THE WORLD

HAS EVER BEFORE SEEN.

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PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.—SCHOOL.

The School—Employments—Punishments—Hanging—Daily Whipping—Hoeing Potatoes—Blood Blister—"I'll Kick You Blue"—Design of the School—Painted Face—Keeping the Fire—Story Tellers—Elm Stumps—Rattlesnake—Famous Hunter—Smelling his Breath—The Doctor—Liberty Pole—Jehu-like Drivers—Bees Stolen—Stolen Watermelons—Betsy Jane—The Deacon—Signing the Pledge—Silver Lake Snake—Queer Minister—His Tea Drinking—His Horse—Insane Man.

The school house was just at the bottom of a high bluff, on the grounds of an old ashery; directly in front of the door ran a little brook, all of which furnished rare facilities for coasting, digging in the dirt, and playing in the water.

When the boys were not thus engaged, they were largely occupied, when out of doors, skating, snowballing, and sliding down hill in the winter, playing ball and goal in the summer, and when in the house, both summer and winter, they devoted much of their time in cutting the desks to pieces with jack knives. These desks were wide inch planks, set up against the sides of the room, the seats in front being plain, common benches, so high that small children could not touch their feet to the floor.

Among many punishments was the holding of the ruler in the middle of the room as a penalty for whispering, or sitting on what was called the dunce block, or stooping over; sometimes a long row of boys thus arranged holding down the heads of nails in the floor, while the master would march

along behind this file of upturned buttresses and hit every one a good, smart clip with the ruler.

Another course with one of the teachers was to "hang the boys," as he called it, standing them on a table in the middle of the room, with one end of a string around the neck and the other fastened to a nail in the ceiling above, there always being sufficient slack in the string to prevent any injury. The whole thing, though really harmless, was quite a serious affair with the boys, the scare and disgrace connected with it being a pretty severe punishment.

One boy used to get whipped about every day, and the rule was that when he was whipped at school he must be whipped at home, so that he got two scourgings a day, with but few exceptions. He had become so accustomed to the rod that he took it as a matter of course.

His love of play was greater than his fear of the lash, as seen by his neglect of a task at potato hoeing, which his father, who was to be absent from home for three long days during one vacation, had left him to do. He went to the field and looked over it the first day, and said, "Well, now, I can hoe those potatoes in two days easy enough." So he went and played the first day. The next day he took another look, and said, "I can hoe them in one day," and he was off again for play. The third morning he went to the field and looked at it, and the task loomed up before him in fearful proportions. "There are three good days' work here," he said; "I shall get a whipping the best that I can do," and so he went and played the third day.

Another boy, who was so inoffensive that he never got whipped at home and only this once at school, was called up



one day by the teacher, who, without asking any questions, applied about his waist most vigorously six or eight strokes with a whip which would have answered very well for an ox goad. His offense came from a large water blister on one of his fingers when, as he held it up between the finger and thumb of the other hand, he asked his neighbor to prick it. The teacher saw it and there was no escape. As the end of the whip chanced to hit one of his thumbs it drew a blood blister, and so he had two blisters, besides what might have been termed a blistering all around. But he was determined not to cry. Not a whimper escaped him. When the whipping ceased, he took his seat, and that was the end of it, only he thought if he ever came to be a man he would whip him in return if possible, but he never had a good chance, and the teacher abandoned corporal punishment almost entirely, and became a very superior teacher, not being instructed, it is presumed after this, to make the fur fly.

One of the small boys, who had been taught by the teacher not to strike back if struck by the larger boys, was one day hit by such a boy, when he burst out, "Now, Lon, don't you strike me, but if you *do* strike, I shan't strike back; I'll tell the school ma'am;" and now with a sudden turn of the mind, "but if you strike me again, I'll kick you blue, I will."

Of course the ostensible design of the school was to teach the children, and reading, writing, spelling, geography and arithmetic had their places during the hours of school, but were so conducted as to be avoided if possible.

My first day at school found one of the larger boys tardy at the afternoon recess, but when he made his appearance, he had painted on one side of his face in red, and the other in green, the head of a man, which some of the workmen in

a wagon shop just above the school house had executed. A general commotion of course was produced among the pupils, when the following words passed between the teacher and the recreant youth:

"Who painted your face in that style?"

"Some men at the wagon shop."

"Well, young man, go straight to the brook and wash your face, or I shall have something to say on this subject."

"But," says the boy, "I can't wash it off; it's dried on."

"Go immediately, sir, and wash your face."

He went out, was gone some time, and returned with his face completely besmeared with a mixture of green and red paint.

"Go back and wash your face," said the teacher.

"I can't wash it off; it's dried on, I told you; I scrubbed it with a chip and it won't come off."

"Mind me," was the reply; "go and wash your face, or I shall give you a good whipping."

"It's of no use," muttered the fractious youth," as he strode toward the door; "it won't come off."

He returned, however, in about twenty minutes with a tolerably clean face.

One of the duties of the boys before and after school hours, was that of replenishing the fire, when that important element had gone out, which chanced to be very often. Lucifer matches had not then come into use, and the flint, steel, and punk were not very reliable. So, furnished with a curiously punctured, cone-like lantern of tin, a run to the nearest neighbor was the only alternative. Though it furnished divers opportunities to take vengeance on bumble bees as they patronized the flowers of the big thistles in the

corners of the high rail fences, and to frighten the frogs as they peered out of the edge of the water, or sunned themselves on the snags of the old tree by which we had to pass, and sometimes gave us an extra chance to stone Mr. Snake, or analyze Mr. Anglemorm, or give Mr. Chipmunk a chase, yet how vexing it was after all our painstaking to have some unpropitious puff from old Boreas steal around the corner just as we were about to enter the house and blow out the light, sending us back to try our luck once more. How carefully we would guard the blaze of the tallow dip in the curious tin lantern, as we approached the dangerous spot the second time, using hats, pinafores, and a double breastwork of two us, if there chanced to be two along, especially if some favorite play was likely to be interrupted by a longer delay.

As a substitute for much of the light literature with which the leisure hours of school boys now-a-days are not a little occupied, we were furnished with several wonderful story tellers, to whose yarns we used to listen as to fairy tales, and which were a great relief from the dry tedium of the school room.

"I was plowing one day," said one of these men, "in a field covered with elm stumps. I had fifty yoke of oxen hitched to my plow, and I never turned out for anything, but went right through the stumps, splitting them in two and tearing them up by the roots. Once I had my coat tails, standing out straight behind me we went so fast, cut off, as I tore through a tremendous stump, and it came together and snapped like a pistol. Twice I lost the soles of my boots, as my feet stuck out behind me like a flying jack. I

plowed a hundred acres of such land," he said. While we half doubted, we half believed, his stories, and thought certainly he was a wonderful man.

Another used to tell about catching a rattlesnake that had fastened to his pants as he was mowing one day. "At first I thought it was a thistle," he said, "and I dragged it around for an hour or two. But when I saw what it was, I took it off, coiled it up, put it in my hat, and wore it on my head till noon. When I got to the house, as the family were all seated around the dinner table, I said to them, 'Look here,' and straightening out the snake, I bit it from head to tail, and that's what makes my teeth so good. They will never ache or decay after this, but will be just as sound as they now are, if I live to be a hundred years old." He was the most remarkable man that ever lived, in the estimation of the boys.

Another time he said, "As I was out hunting I got after a flock of blackbirds, and as they were flying around a hay stack, I gave my gun a kind of swing, and as I fired it off at the same time, the shot went clear around the stack, and I caught them in my gun barrel, didn't lose one, and killed twelve dozen and fourteen birds." What was Nimrod to him in our estimation!

Another one who opposed the teetotalism that prevailed in town said: "As they sold no liquor in Perry, I went down into Leicester to work in haying and harvesting, and when I came up Saturday nights to spend the Sabbaths, the men would pay me twenty-five cents a piece to smell of my breath. I made more money in that way than I did in working."

Hour after hour would they spin out to their youthful hearers those wonderful stories, and we would drink them in with the utmost avidity.

On our way to and from school, we often fell in with the good doctor of the parish, who was a general favorite, especially with the children. He would frequently give us rides, and we always learned something worth knowing in our pleasure trips with him. He was one of nature's noblemen. As a physician he ranked first. As a Christian he always honored his profession. Pre-eminently was he the friend of the poor, giving them his services in the majority of instances, and never making an account against any one for extracting teeth, which was no small task in those days, before dentistry had come to be a profession by itself.

"I have taken out teeth enough," he said, "to amount to a thousand dollars at a shilling apiece, but as I think those who have the teeth pulled have the worst of it, I never charge any thing."

Although he was a heavy, thick-set man, yet he was as spry as a cat. It was a pleasure to him and a good thing for certain young men, that he could take the conceit out of them so easily. At a time of some great political excitement, the boys had raised what they called the liberty pole. It was very high and tapering at the top. In the morning of a great political occasion, when the town was to be thronged with visitors and the people harangued by orators, they had put up their gay streamer, which floated proudly on the breeze, as the booming cannon gave forth its sounds and the tide of merry people poured into town. The liberty pole was the great center of attraction. All of a sudden, by some unpro-

pitious whiff of wind, this beautiful streamer had become entangled in the top of the pole. Every means to extricate it proved a failure. "What *shall* we do?" said the young men, the bloods of the town. The doctor came along. He saw their trepidation. "What *shall* we do, doctor?" said one and another. "Climb up and loosen it," said the doctor. "It can't be done," they all said. The only answer was, "You're a smart set of young men." Upon which, as the story goes, he pulled off his coat, vest and boots, and went up almost like a squirrel, unfastened the streamer, fixed everything all right, turned around and came down head first.

At another time the doctor was returning from the raising of a large barn, about two miles from town. As he was driving leisurely along, the check rein down and in no especial hurry, one of the Jehu-like drivers came up, drew a tight rein, snapped his whip and went by the doctor in a jiffy. At length another drove up and went past in a similar style. Then a third, and a fourth.

"Those chaps need a lesson," said the doctor, and now's a good time for it." His horse was remarkable for speed if he desired it. He gave the word. The gay young men ahead saw him coming. "What," they cried out, "can his horse go so like the wind! We never saw him drive in that style." They put to the whip but in vain. One after another was soon left behind, and the doctor went sailing into town many rods in advance of them all.

They looked blank enough when they next met him.

At another time the doctor lost a hive of bees. He requested that nothing should be said about it and not a word was uttered by one of the family. He mistrusted the thief

but kept quiet. One day he met him, and the man, thinking of course that the matter had been talked of in the community, said, "Well, doctor, have you found out yet who stole your bees?"

"I've just found out. Now why did you do so mean a thing and injure yourself and me too?"

The man was so completely taken aback that he owned up and made full restitution.

On another occasion some of the roguish boys stole a large portion of his watermelons. He suspected the chaps, doctored the best of the melons that remained with a pretty strong but harmless infusion and was soon called to doctor the boys. "Ah," said the doctor, "I recognize these melons. Next time come and ask for them and I'll give you some that won't make you sick. Here, take this medicine so and so; you'll soon be well, I'll call to-morrow." He called, but they had so improved that they did not wish to see him.

To show the occasional excitement of people who called for his services, he once told the following story of a good neighbor who came for him one morning, and all out of breath rushed into the house exclaiming "O doctor! doctor, come quick, quick! Betsy Jane's fallen up stairs and struck a knot hole in her eye and we're afraid she won't live from one end to 'tother!" evidently meaning, "down stairs" and "one minute to another," to say nothing of what the "knot hole in the eye" did mean.

But the deacon no less than the doctor was a friend of the school house occupants, and when the teacher pronounced the ever welcome word "dismissed," as fast as young feet could scamper, we often made for his fields to get the tid bits of

comfort that he was always ready to give. We loved to watch him at his work. He would lay the smoothest swath with his keen scythe, pitch on a load of hay in the quickest time, and do the most logging of any man in town. He was a radical by nature, believed in progress and practiced accordingly. When he went into that new country, he cut his way with an ax through the thick timber to reach the site of his homestead with a team, planted the dried-up apple seeds that he took with him and ate of his planting more than fifty years. He helped organize a church, for want of a better place, in a barn, and lived to see the stately meeting house and hundreds of church members.

When almost every one drank whiskey, and the pulpit even was not always a stranger to the bottle, he said, "I'll sign the pledge, and no more of the wretched stuff shall be found on my premises. If I can't get men to work for me, then I'll do without them."

But he had no trouble. He prosecuted the rumseller for selling without a license, made his town the banner temperance town of the State, and enabled the children of the school at the old ashery grounds to say, at the age of young manhood, "We have never yet seen an intoxicated man."

In after years when the great Silver Lake snake excitement prevailed, he had to stand almost alone, as he had done for years before, on other questions of general interest. That there was something, or supposed to be something, he had no doubt, but that there was a great live serpent there, he did not believe. People came from long distances to see the creature. Editors and other prominent men from New York city, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and all over the

country came. An observatory was built near the lake, spy glasses of large magnifying power were obtained, a sailor with his regular Jack Tar suit was brought from New York, and with whaling boat and harpoon and various tackle, he sallied out after the monster on several occasions, came very near hitting him once or twice; the most reliable men in town had seen him at different times, seen him very distinctly; correspondents for the papers had seen him; flaming pieces had been published; sure enough, the great, famous, world-renowned sea serpent that had sometimes been seen in the middle of the Atlantic, and sometimes in the Indian Ocean, had got up, wonderful to tell, into Silver Lake, a little sheet of water three miles long and half a mile wide, in the town of Perry. Where was the inlet or the outlet?

Oh! oh! oh! It was the eighth marvel of the world. And yet the deacon was an unbeliever.

Well, how did it turn out?

Some young chaps wanted to make a little money, and so they got up a gutta percha snake, which they worked by means of ropes and wires, as they were concealed away in the brush, the headquarters of all this excitement.

It was worse than the Cardiff giant, and turned out very much as the good deacon, the safe patron, and the true friend of the children thought it would.

Strange to say, the pastor of the parish was just the reverse of the doctor and the deacon. We children dreaded to meet him, and when we saw him coming, we would run and jump over the fence or stone wall, and hide till he had gone past. When he came for a pastoral call, we would scud for the garret or the barn, and never show our heads

till he was well out of sight. He was supposed to be a man of great learning, a physician and a clergyman, but very eccentric, and in many things remarkably void of common sense.

At every meal, two cups besides his own were turned from the boiling tea pot, his being served first, and always returned for a second cup by the time the other two were passed. How he did it unless he had a cast iron throat, no one seemed to know. But he invariably insisted on having his tea in just that way.

As to his horse, he was what most people would have called a little stubborn, had they dared to apply that word to the minister. This animal was a little black French pony, and she was always running away with him, and yet he would not part with her. As he was driving her home from meeting one day, a small lad came along holding on to the tail of his cow as the quiet animal plodded on her way, and the little runaway started and landed the whole load in a muddy stream, piling them all together, with the wagon on top. The mud was so deep and soft, that they were almost literally buried in it, and there they laid till parties from the house reached them, when they first lifted off the wagon, which was turned entirely over, and then pulled out the riders, and at length the horse. It was a wonderful escape, notwithstanding the soft place chosen for them, and yet he would not part with the brute. Shortly after this, as he had driven through the gate and was shutting it, the squealing of some pigs lying near started the nervous beast, and she soon broke from the wagon and ran with nostrils distended and head erect, till she reached a piece of timber about a

mile distant, but still he would not part with her. Not long after this he was thrown from his wagon, and so injured that he died.

But the insane man, who for a time had full sway, coming and going like a phantom, and doing a good many startling things, had quite a strong hold upon the youthful members of society. As we were returning from school, he would sometimes overtake us, riding his horse at full speed, when dismounting, he would insist upon two or three of us getting on, while he would walk and lead the horse. Now and then he would visit the school and give a pleasant address to the pupils, seasoning his talk with just enough sharp and witty sayings to provoke the smile of his hearers, and make them glad to have him come again.

While at church one day, he left the gallery where he was sitting, and went down to the stove to warm himself. All of a sudden he darted up into the pulpit, and brushed the minister's notes out of the Bible, saying, "I want those," when he turned and rushed out of the house, got on to his horse, and was off in a hurry. At another time, coming to church late, he slipped in on the ladies' side up stairs, went to the back of the gallery and took his seat. The discourse that morning was benevolent in its character, and a collection had to be taken up. He had come prepared. So every few moments he would toss down toward the pulpit a silver dollar or a fifty cent piece. He had about twenty dollars in change which he proposed to give in that way. His idea was, as he afterwards said, to pay as he went along.

On another occasion he went into the church at the village, took the Bible, got on to his horse, and rode through the

town, stripping out the leaves, and saying, "These leaves are for the healing of the nations, and I'll scatter them broadcast among the people that they may eat and not die."

At still another time, when there was a meeting on a week day, he went into a store, took some weights from the counter, and rode around the meeting house, throwing them against the building with all his might, and crying at the top of his voice, "I'll break the bars of death and hell."

But with all his strange movements the children were somehow drawn towards him, and he always seemed to have some kind word for every one.

CHAPTER II.—COLLEGE.

Entering College—First Class Meeting—Ringin Off the Rust—Night Alarm—Law—Missing Bible—No Chalk—Black Cow—Bombardin the Juniors—Imagination—Little Cherub—Coastin.

Graduating from the school on the grounds of the old ashery, the academy found a few of the larger boys aspiring after the honors of college. Two or three years, and the imperfect mastering of a little Latin and Greek, and some other requirements of the catalogue, and after a journey of four days on the Erie canal and a trip of twelve miles by stage, we found ourselves in the presence of the faculty, running the gauntlet between Greek prosody, Latin conjugation, a little history, and a few other requirements preparatory to entering college.

One of the first meetings of the class for business, outside the regular routine of college duties, was to choose a leader, who was to carry the class club. This club was a large bat, about three times as large and heavy as that used by ball players, and muscular strength decided who should carry it, and in this respect be the class leader. The man who could hold it out at arms' length the longest, was the man for this. The successful aspirant died before the first year ended, and another man was chosen in his place. This club had been handed down from time immemorial, and belonged to the Freshman class. It was to be carried when the class went forth on any expedition of muscular strength, perhaps in

some contests with the Sophs., or some tilt with the Juniors, or some other knightly errand to which college boys used to be so liable forty years ago.

At the close of the third term, came the first commencement, bringing graduation and diploma to the Seniors, and to the Freshmen a time for ringing off the rust and stepping up into the realms of the grandiloquent Sophs. This ringing off the rust consisted in getting access to the chapel bell, some time about midnight or later, and getting out of it all the noise possible, breaking down in the operation a few doors and smashing in a few windows, as a last valorous act, with the famous club, soon to be delivered up to the new class. The practice had become so obnoxious that the faculty determined to break it up, and declared themselves accordingly. This set some of the boys on their mettle. So with painted faces and disguises of various sort, they ascended the narrow stairs leading to the steeple, blocked up the way behind them, and were soon in their strong castle, with the bell in full possession. Must lustily did they ring it, and beat it with bars of steel. They also took with them a small cannon, which they fired as rapidly as possible. Soon the faculty approached. Finding no way of access to the belfry, they began to march around the chapel, with the evident intention of keeping vigil that night, and bringing to justice the offenders. The boys saw it. A bad fix. What should be done? Most of the students in the other classes, not far from two hundred in all, were out watching the movements, and of course pretty strongly in sympathy with the gay birds of the belfry. A dispatch was sent down by means of the bell rope, asking counsel of friends below, as

the faculty went their rounds wholly ignorant of the communications between the upper and lower parts of the chapel. Word was sent up to the steeple prisoners, "Take the lightning rod." And now, while the faculty were on the other side of the building, as they marched around, a whistle from below would be given, and down would come some chap with palpitating heart and blistered hands, when he would scud for his room, wash his face, don his ordinary apparel, and in a moment or two be out in the crowd.

Thus the famous fifteen escaped. They all descended unharmed, with the exception of a few insignificant scratches received by their perilous journey over the thoroughfare of old Jupiter's thunderbolts. It was now two o'clock at night, and the boys had departed to their several rooms to sleep and dream over their last adventure. But what of the faculty? They still keep up their watch and march, waiting for the morning, and doubtless pondering the unpleasant task of sending adrift those disobedient captives up in the steeple, as they supposed. On being told, as the day began to dawn, that the bell ringers had escaped, and were in their beds dreaming of weary night vigils, the very unpleasant sensation came over them, "We're sold, we are," and changing their centripetal course, they formed eight centrifugal bodies, marching off to their respective domiciles just as the sun was rising.

The next day was commencement, but not a word was said of last night, and from the appearance of faculty or Freshmen, no one would have known that there had been any such a thing as last night. But the rust was rung off, the class was considered as heroes above their predecessors, and the faculty were very thoughtfully saved the unpleasant

task of expelling twelve or fifteen boys, ready to run such fearful risks for the sake of carrying out the time-honored custom of ringing off the rust.

But now and then the college bell was rung on other occasions out of time. The first college bell of the day was at eight o'clock in the morning. One bright moonlight night, the bell ringer suddenly awoke, bounded from his bed, and without looking at the clock rushed for the rope and rung away with all his might, supposing it was late. After the ringing was over, he thought he would just look at the time, and lo! it was one o'clock at night! The next day one of the recitations was in mental philosophy, when the president, just at the right time, called the bell ringer."

"What's the next topic?"

"Dreams," was the answer, responded to by a good, smart clap by the class, suggested by the alarm of the previous night. It was a pleasant episode, enjoyed by both teacher and pupils.

About the same time, the topic one day was law. It had been shown that custom sometimes makes law which is just as binding as any law. The professor had insisted upon this with considerable emphasis. At length he proceeded to another part of the topic, when the reverse is true, and to illustrate, asked one of the boys, not remarkably bright:

"For example, would it be right for you to go out under the woodshed and steal your neighbor's wood?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "it's the universal custom."

A good round of applause followed. The teacher appreciated the point, and enjoyed the joke with the class,

On one occasion a few of the roguish boys, in a hurry to get to the post office, and hoping to shorten the evening chapel exercises, (the whole college meeting every morning and evening for prayers,) slipped into the chapel, removed the Bible from the desk, and put a Greek lexicon in its place. It was the president's turn to read that night. With usual dignity he moved to the pulpit, opened the dictionary (which in outside appearance was very much like the Bible), quickly mistrusted some game, and turned over leaf after leaf, till he seemed to reach the right place, when he repeated word for word the first chapter of John, closed the book, and made his prayer as usual.

At another time, as the students were crowding into the chapel, the Bible was removed, and there was not time to procure another without delay. Professor M. was to officiate. He walked up to the desk, and as if it had been the habit of his life, he very deliberately pulled out a Bible from his pocket, read the 119th Psalm, and made a prayer correspondingly long. It was another heading-off of mischief-makers, who could not understand how the professor should have had a Bible in his pocket for such an emergency.

Another day one of the boys, thinking that he might be called on in mathematics, and not understanding the lesson, but wishing to have the teacher suppose he did, slipped into the recitation room just before the class was called, and removed the chalk from the blackboard. As he feared, he was the first to be called. A few questions were asked, and somewhat ambiguous answers were given, when the professor said: "You may go to the blackboard and work out such a problem."

As crank as a major he walked to the board, first looked at one end and then at the other, and as if disappointed in not finding any chalk, he replied, with great assurance: "Professor, there's no chalk here."

Whereupon the professor questioned him a little farther:

"You understand it, do you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"If you had some chalk you could work it out, could you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said the professor; "as there's no chalk at the board," (the young man was turning for his seat,) "you may take this." And he very deliberately pulled out a piece from his pocket.

The boy was perfectly confounded; he could do nothing. But why in the world "Old Conic Sections," as the professor of mathematics was called, should carry chalk in his pocket, was a harder problem than the one he couldn't solve on the blackboard.

One night a fearful racket was heard at the door of one of the tutors' second-story front room. This tutor was near-sighted, and rushed out, with lamp in hand, to see what was up, when he discovered a whole posse of chaps at the head of the stairs, where they seemed to be waiting for him.

"Now I've got you!" he exclaimed, as he reached out to seize one by the collar.

But he didn't quite get him, and he made another attempt, and finally followed him all the way down stairs, grabbing at the boys, but missing every time.

They had got him far enough, and now they were off.

He turned and went back to his room. As he opened the door, what should he meet but a large black cow staring him in the face! She had been turned in there by a part of the same crowd that first made the racket at the head of the stairs, while the other part lured him below for the very purpose of slipping these hoofs and horns into his room.

By this time no boy was to be seen, save as he might be in his room, apparently fast asleep. Foreign help had to be obtained in getting out this live stock, and the night was pretty much consumed in the operation.

One warm summer day, an uneasy little fellow sat perched in the window at the time of recitation, throwing paper wads into the window of the Juniors' recitation room. The situation was too good to be lost, and a young man, always ready for fun, arose, handkerchief up, as if bleeding at the nose, and asked to be excused, when he rushed up stairs just above the boy in the window, and splash, came a tub of water, giving the appearance of a drowned rat to him who was so zealously bombarding the Juniors. The professor himself could not maintain a smooth face, as the cheers followed and the pretended nose-bleed opened the door and took his seat in the class. It was soon over, and the lesson went on as usual.

One day Mr. Z., as we will call him for convenience, now an eminent lawyer in one of our large cities, was thus beset:

"What's the matter?" said his chum, as they were making their toilets in preparation for breakfast. "You look sick; I never saw you look so."

"I guess it's all in your eye; I feel well enough," was the answer.

Starting for breakfast, another salutation met him:

"Good morning, Z.! Blues, sick, eh?"

"No; feel as well as I ever did."

Approaching the gate, he was accosted in a similar strain by a third party. Half way to his boarding place, and as he was going in at the door, came a fourth and a fifth greeting of the same sort.

"In all my born days," said one, "I never saw Z. look so pale."

"Don't he look like a ghost, John?"

"So I think," said one and another.

After breakfast, all the way to his room, the same queer greetings met him. He began to think he *was* sick. He went to the looking glass, and as he stood looking, he said to his room mate: "Chum, do I look sick? I don't know how many fellows have told me this morning that I don't look well."

"That's what I thought."

"Well, I don't feel first rate, that's a fact."

He drew a long breath, shut up his book, and said: "I believe I shan't go into the recitation this morning."

"I wouldn't," said his chum, and before the eight o'clock bell rang he went to bed, and staid there all day.

Now and then some one would come in, speak of his bad looks, and talk of sending for the doctor, until poor Z. was really sick.

The game was successfully played. His imagination had worked to suit them. Towards night the parties to the secret rushed into his room pell mell, pulled him out of bed, told him what they had been at, declared that he never looked better, and marched him off to tea. They simply



meant fun, but happily escaped what might have been a serious affair.

About the close of the second year, a little blue-eyed cherub came to the home of one of the professors, and congratulations from the class must be given of course.

A small cradle, a gay suit of clothes, a tiny pair of shoes, a rattle box, a tin whistle, a miniature drum, and other appropriate baby treasures, were gotten up, and a committee appointed to bear them to the recitation room, with gilt-edged note paper, excusing the professor from the recitation that day.

He accepted the testimonials, and gracefully bore off to the better half of his lordship the trophies and the card, explaining the absence of the class at the hour of recitation.

No black marks for that day.

Not far from this time the joyful period had come when Old Tacitus was finished, and now what should be done with his venerable classic remains? It was thought that cremation would be the proper thing. After due preparations, a line of march was formed, and the slow, solemn step of the stately Juniors, with music of muffled drum and a plaintive air on the fife began, till the fated spot was reached. The bier, with Old Tacitus lying in calm repose, surrounded with a wreath from the prickly pear and the wild rose, was placed over the bundle of faggots, well seasoned with tar, asafœtida, pulverized rosin and pitch; a doleful song to the Latin muse given, with a regular break-down chorus, a grave oration pronounced, and the match applied, when drum and fife and bier were consumed, together with the ancient hero of Latin lore. The sun was bright in mid heaven when the

ceremony occurred, and the merry whistle of the retiring mourners was only heard as they marched back to the recitation room, and disbanded for dinner.

In the winter season, almost every boy had his little hand sled for riding down the hill between the college and the town. This hill was nearly a mile long, and starting at the top, only about a minute would intervene before the bottom was reached. It was exciting sport, twenty or thirty sleds, one after another, going with more than railroad speed, and compelling all teams to give the right of way or run the risk of a collision and a run away. At one time the boys got a farmer's large wood sled, and with twenty or thirty passengers, were accustomed to make the trip. This was so dangerous that the faculty interposed, and said: "No more of that style, boys."

But one chap thought he would have just one more ride, and not being able to induce anyone to go with him, he concluded to go alone. When about half way down, he met a cow. In her slow movements to get out of the way, she was tripped up, and falling back upon the young man's lower extremities, her feet in the air, his head bent back, and his hat gone, away they went to the bottom, a ludicrous sight, but not so funny for the boy, who was several weeks under medical treatment before he recovered from the contusions incurred by this new style of coasting.

CHAPTER III.—DOUBLING THE CAPE.

Doubling the Cape—Sea Sickness—A Change—Man Overboard—Porpoises and Flying Fish—First Whale—First Storm—Cape Verde Islands—Fairy-like—Sousing—Swells—The Equator—Neptune's Children—Bathing—Unwelcome Visitor—Magellan Clouds—Fearful Storm—Sea Birds—Penguins—Icebergs—Kingfisher—Speaking a Ship—To New York—Variegated Waters—Twelve Days' Tempest—Missing Vessel—Thick Fog—Waterspout—Man-of-war—Beautiful Day—Herrings—Whales—Land Breeze—The Andes—Oily Waters.

Out of college, and the boundless deep seemed to say, "Toss upon my old waves for a while and rejuvenate exhausted nature." Our vessel was a brig. Our captain was an experienced sailor, and the passengers the same in number that went into the ark. They seemed to be agreeable companions, and everything promised a pleasant voyage.

Before morning, oh how sick! Well, why not as well die in this way as any? We kept looking to see if our very boots would be spewed out amid the terrible retchings. And then the stolid indifference of our sea-hardened companions, as if they rather enjoyed it, only intensified our misery. Strange, that men will laugh at one when seasick!

But a few days, and all was changed. One bright morning as we sat on deck drinking in the beauties that surrounded us, the captain came up and said, "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" The air was so exhilarating and everything was so pleasant, that we all responded. Several vessels were in sight, and everything was most enchanting

and glorious. In a little while the brig was gliding along through immense quantities of sea weed — filmy, cylindrical, globular, and picturesque in the extreme.

But suddenly the cry was heard, "A man overboard!" As quick as thought, almost, the shout of the captain followed: "Hard to port the helm! Cut away the tackle and lower a boat!"

In a moment the sails were flapping before the wind, and the first mate and one of the sailors were pulling to the rescue of the cabin boy, who had missed his hold while up in the rigging. He was sinking as they approached him, but, with the daring of a true sailor, the mate dived, seized him, and as he brought him up exclaimed, "Jist by the skin of your teeth you escaped, my little fellow."

Soon after this a school of flying fish attracted attention as they sprung up and darted along very much like a flock of snow birds in the winter, and again plunged into the water. Following this a school of porpoises appeared. In high glee, and as if on a real holiday excursion, they went leaping and bounding along, making the sea foam with their wild pranks. There must have been a thousand acres of them, and ten thousand times ten thousand in numbers.

As we were seated at the table during the first genuine storm thus far, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the dishes rattled at a fearful rate. One man's plate, with its contents, went across the table into the lap of a gentleman opposite. The soup distributed itself about in a very promiscuous manner. The roast pig bounced from the platter, and very naturally went rooting into the potatoes. The glassware clicked, and in several instances exhibited sad fractures. One

man turned a cup of hot tea down his coat sleeve. Another turned one into his bosom. Another, losing his balance, went tumbling to the floor, his well-filled plate and coffee mug following. Just as we were retiring for the night, a heavy sea struck the vessel, and in a moment the water on the cabin floor was ankle deep.

"Are we sinking?" asked one.

"No," said an old salt, as he rushed into the stateroom pretty thoroughly drenched, "but my deadlight is stove in, and I've got a good salt water sousing."

The captain was trying to close the cabin door and keep out the water, which was pouring in from the main deck. In a moment more, another sea struck aboard and took away the stairs from the upper to the main deck. The ladies were screaming with fear, the wind was whistling through the cordage, the commander was shouting his orders to the men. There was an occasional peal of thunder and a sharp flash of lightning, and to the inexperienced in this sort of life, it *was* a little fearful, surely. But one soon comes to understand the wonderful strength of a well-built vessel. She is like a duck on the water, rising and falling, leaping and bounding with the force of the winds and the waves.

By morning it was pleasant again, and about noon some gallant tar at masthead cried out, "There she blows, there she blows!"

"Where away," asked the captain.

"Three points on the starboard bow!"

It was a whale. A jet of water, almost exactly like that represented by this creature in the pictures, was seen, and a noise was heard very much like the letting off of steam from

an engine. A few such puffs and she went down to come up again perhaps a mile away.

We were now twenty-four days at sea, and for the first time made land, as sailors call it. It looked like a great dark bank in the horizon. It was the Cape Verde Islands, on the coast of Africa, in the line of the trade winds. The next day we landed at a point called Bravo. The people, about 7,000 in number, were of Spanish descent, and but one grade above our Indians. They had acquired some considerable civilization, however, for they all knew how to smoke, and tobacco was what they most wanted. Even the women had pipes dangling at their necks, suspended by a string. Some of the small boys were entirely naked, and others had on only a single loose garment. The females had never before seen a white woman, and they crowded about our two ladies as if they thought them angelic beings. Some of the prominent ones insisted on kissing them, and they had to submit in spite of themselves. There was one bright-looking girl about ten years old, and Mrs. Whiting said she would like to take her. The father was called. He was a tall, athletic man, and could speak a little broken English.

"Are you willing," said the captain, "that this good lady should take your child and make a pleasant home for her? Will you let her go?"

Straightening himself up in all due dignity, his quick reply was: "If he be a boy he may go, but he be a girl and I no let him go."

On this island we obtained almost all kinds of fresh fruit, melons, oranges, lemons, plantains, bananas, grapes, sweet potatoes and figs, besides fowls, pigs and goats. For a num-



ber of days after this the weather was beautiful, and new life began to dawn. Dyspepsia, nervousness, pain in the side, and general prostration, were fast disappearing, and we were now gliding smoothly and quickly along by a gentle breeze in the trade winds, under full sails and square yards. From the cabin deck, as far as the eye could see with a spyglass, as it swept the horizon round and round, not a neighbor could be seen, and yet we were not alone on this mighty waste, for God was there, and His works of wonder and beauty were very marked. The sun was sinking to all appearance in the mighty expanse of waters. The western sky was diversified with red, blue, yellow, black, purple and all shades of color. At a little distance was a cloud, tinged with the orange, resembling a vast field of ripening wheat gently sloping down to the water's edge, interspersed with clusters of trees and shrubbery. No poet, no painter could describe it. None but the great Father could draw such pictures of beauty.

But this scene changed, and a few days after, as I sat on the deck, a heavy sea struck aboard and gave me a good sousing. I fled to the cabin, and as I was entering, my feet tripped and away I went, scooting into the pantry. It was laughable, but not very pleasant, to be the victim of the joke. But then, they all had their turn sooner or later.

When this storm abated, for a whole day following, the mighty sea was moved with heavy swells. As far as the eye could reach in a parallel course, was seen a tremendous wave approaching. It looked dark and frowning. It towered up mountain high, and seemed like a thing of life moving through the water, and threatening destruction to all about

it. It would draw nearer and nearer, till it would reach the vessel, gently lift it like a bubble upon its huge back to the very crest, and then gently let it down and pass along, followed by another, and so on till night. It was power, grandeur, and sublimity mingled with the awful! It gave new meaning to the Scripture, "They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths."

"He lifteth up the waves."

"The works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

As we approached the equator, the heat was intense. The pitch fairly fried out of the pine knots of some boards on deck. There was no comfortable place, and nothing to do but to sweat and pant, and bear it as best we could. Directly over head was the great king of day, which was presently left to the north.

We were now counted as the sons and daughters of Old Neptune. It was the custom of the sailors to subject all male passengers, on crossing the equator, to a certain process of shaving. Some one among the crew would so dress himself as to resemble the fabled god of the sea, with gray, flowing locks, silvery beard, and long, giant-like trident, having for soap a bucket of slush and tar, and a rusty iron hoop for razor. Rushing up over the bulwarks as if just from the sea, and giving expression as he worked to his quaint guttural utterances, he would wind up with sage advice to his new subjects, telling them of his home in the deep, when he would bow a good bye, and depart as if returning to the sea whence he seemed to come, to the great merriment of all concerned. Those who participated in this ceremony were regarded henceforth as the children of Neptune.

When hindered by calms, as we sometimes were in this warm region, bathing was a favorite recreation, care being taken to have two or three boats alongside the brig, in case of an emergency. One day a large shark made his appearance, while a number of us were out for a swim, and as he was just rounding the stern of the vessel to join our company, the alarm was given, and a more active set of chaps than we were for a few seconds is not often seen.

It was a narrow escape from a worse fate than Jonah suffered, and a timely warning for the next adventure.

"Captain," it was asked, as the brig approached the region of Cape Horn, "what are those airy objects up yonder?"

"Those," he said, "are Magellan clouds, always to be seen over the Straits of Magellan, like the fixed stars."

Not far from this time we encountered a fearful storm. It seemed as if our craft would turn over, now dipping the lower spars in the water on the one side and then on the other. The carpenter's tool chest, full of heavy tools, stationed at one side of the cabin, and surrounded in front and at the two ends with cleats, turned entirely over and rolled to the other side of the cabin.

What new force to the words of the Psalmist: "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." Was the Psalmist inspired in writing thus, or had he been around the Cape?

When near the extreme point of the Cape, a happy greeting came to us from a large number of birds—the Molly hawk, cape pigeon, sea hen and albatross—the latter the largest of sea birds. By letting out from the stern of the vessel a long line attached to a large hook baited with a

piece of oakum, one of them was soon a prisoner. He was a royal fellow, and measured from the tip of one wing to the other a little over twelve feet.

Shortly after this a school of penguins appeared, high-headed, web-footed creatures, suddenly rising up on the crest of the wave. They are amphibious, using their wings to help them skip over the water and to run with greater speed when on land. They are said to exist in large numbers on the Falkland Islands, where sailors often go to hunt them and gather their eggs. We tried to entice them with bait and hook, extending many fathoms out in the vessel's wake, but they were shy, and would not yield to our entreaties.

When near the Cape, two icebergs gleamed in the distance. On a near approach to them, they glistened in the sun as if set with diamonds, while they towered up a hundred feet above the water, and yet only about one-eighth of their bulk was in sight.

It was amusing, while in this region, to watch a certain bird as it would skim along just over the surface of the water, till, seeing its prey beneath, in the form of small fish, it would dart like an arrow into the deep, and come up again to repeat the same movements, till its appetite was appeased.

But one of the most joyful sounds that had been heard for many a day rang out loud and clear one morning from mast head:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" asked the captain.

"Two points on the weather bow," was the answer.

The spyglass being ordered, brought to view a mere

speck of something white at the farthest visible point. The like had not been seen for weeks, and we began to feel that we were not alone on this boundless expanse. We had neighbors. There were human beings on that craft. The question arose, "I wonder who they are?" Conjecture was vain. It was proposed to speak them. As the brig approached within hearing distance, the captain said:

"Who commands that ship?"

"Captain Harding," was the answer.

"Where from?"

"Hong Kong, China."

"How long out?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five days."

"Where bound?"

"To New York."

Similar questions were asked the captain of the *Lamar*. Boats were lowered, letters were sent home, and we were parted again. No one can understand the interest attached to such conversations between different vessels till he has had occasion to try it, especially when for weeks he has been tossed and driven by the winds and waves, in sight of no craft but the one on which he is borne.

At the extreme point of the Cape, in latitude 53°, attention was called to the different colors of the water, the body of which was very dark, interspersed with blue, forming a striking and beautiful contrast. The weather was so changeable, that within twenty-four hours, there were often gales, calm, sun, clouds, comfortable warmth, and uncomfortable cold. It was the season of the year, however, when there were twenty hours of sun, by which we could see to read at

three o'clock in the morning, and at eleven o'clock at night.

Soon after passing the Cape, we had a twelve-days tempest, giving us a very vivid realization of what doubling Cape Horn meant. The clouds looked dark and thick, the winds blew as if Æolus had let loose all his forces, the breezes howled dolefully through the rigging, the sea broke over the vessel as if determined to force an entrance, the decks were covered with water, wave after wave dashed into the galley, quenched the fire, and set up a terrible clatter among the pots, kettles, and other cooking utensils. How convenient could we have gone back to the Darwinian oyster, and slept till the storm had spent its fury! But sleep was impossible. Our only hope was that to-morrow would bring a change for the better; but disappointment followed disappointment, till the Great Ruler of the sea spake, and the wind ceased. Then the clouds broke away. The long sober faces smiled once more. Sociability again reigned, and all were glad. But a few hours, and the sky was again covered with thick clouds. The rains poured down in torrents. The winds blew with more fury than ever. No progress was made for thirteen days, and when it did clear off, it was intensely frigid, and as difficult to keep warm as when at the equator to keep cool.

In the morning of a very boisterous day, a vessel was observed near the Lamar, and bound the same way, to all appearances, but before noon nothing could be seen of her. When first noticed it was so very rough that she could be seen only as she rose upon the crest of the wave and the Lamar was on the top of another wave at the same time,

though the two vessels were not more than half a mile apart. Could she have gone down while her neighbor escaped? Surely, "The lot is cast into lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

After getting around the Cape, we were enveloped in a thick fog for several days, under close-reefed topsails, and in a heavy current, drifting we knew not whither. When the sun again appeared we were in full sight of the coast of Patagonia, and with all haste the crew tacked ship and put to sea again.

While seated against the hatchway to the cabin deck one afternoon, a water spout, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, appeared, a regular column of water, in the form of a mighty cylinder, forty or fifty feet in circumference. It was drawing up water to bear away to some other portion of the globe, or letting down water from an exhaustless reservoir on high.

The next object of interest was a man of war, an English vessel, to the windward. Indications were made for speaking her, but she paid no attention to our signal, but bore away in another direction, and was soon out of sight.

The next day the sailing was beautiful, and the day the mildest of any for more than two months. In the afternoon there was a gentle shower, after which the sun appeared, and the heavens were spanned with a brilliant rainbow. The wind was pure and balmy, the atmosphere soft and mellow, and everything was most harmonious and lovely.

In an hour or so we passed through a monstrous school of herrings. There were acres upon acres, and the water was covered with little ripples as they went on their way. We

fished them up by simply dropping a line over the sides of the vessel, and catching them on the hook, by the sides, or the gills, or the fins, or just as it happened. We put over a bucket attached to a rope, and dipped them up by the peck measure. But alas for the finny tribe. For they were followed by several whales, who approached with open mouth, and scooped them in without measure. If the supply was great, so was the demand, as seen by the fact that a hundred barrels of oil are often taken from a single one of these mighty leviathans.

When within about a week of our destined harbor, some of the passengers thought they began to snuff the land breeze, though there was nothing that looked like land in sight. The big black dog of the brig, Tiger, trusty and true, confirmed this belief, for every now and then he would go to the windward, and with his head turned up, he would snuff and wag his tail, as if scenting something familiar. In a few days it was plain that he knew what he was about, for presently the land of Valdivia appeared, on the southern coast of Chili. What a luxury it was to catch a faint glimpse of *terra firma*, after being so long tossed upon the billowy deep, and rocked by the ocean wave.

In a day or two more the island of Mucha was seen, four hundred miles from Chili. How we enjoyed the sight! How we longed to set foot on the land once more! We lived in the joyful anticipation. But a calm of thirty-six hours hindered us. The days dragged heavily, and all agreed, with sailors, that a gale was preferable to a calm. There is some excitement about the former, but a dead monotony in the latter.

At last the calm gave way. The wind sprung up. Under a pleasant breeze once more, and within fifteen miles from the shore, we could see, for the first time since leaving Bravo, the smoke curling up from the hills, an indication of human life, and a cheerful omen to tired, tempest-tossed mariners.

One bright morning the everlasting-snow-clad tops of the Andes suddenly towered up so high as to be visible in the clear atmosphere more than a hundred miles.

The thought of soon going ashore brought out the trunks, containing our land attire, so closely packed away, and so full of wrinkles, as we prepared to leave the vessel.

But our attention was suddenly arrested by the water, which looked as if there might have been a thousand oil wells throwing up their greasy treasures, the mystery of which we left unsolved, and on the one hundred and fourteenth day after leaving Boston, we were in full sight of the city of Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, south latitude 33 degrees.

At ten o'clock, we cast anchor in the beautiful harbor of the Valley of Paradise, and went ashore.

CHAPTER IV.—VALLEY OF PARADISE.

Searching the Trunks—Strangeness—Earthquakes—Public Amusements—Keeping the Carnival—City of the Dead—The Mass—The Sabbath—Princes and Beggars—Crime—Our School—Boys and Donkeys—Distinguished Himself—Dr. Trumbull—Saluting a Peon—Gift of Tongues—William Wheelwright—Earthquakes—God's Light Needed.

On leaving the brig, all trunks and parcels were placed upon the beach, and inspected by a public officer, lest something should be smuggled into the country without paying the requisite duty.

Everything seemed strange. The people jabbered their Spanish, and gave a peculiar shrug to their shoulders and grimace to their faces as they talked. Bareheaded women were seen in the street day and night, such a thing as a bonnet or hat being unknown to them. Most of the men wore the serape, a garment much like a shawl, with a hole in the center through which the head went, the whole thing making quite a display by its bright, gay colors, as they rushed along on their swift steeds. The hackmen always rode a horse and led the one attached to the vehicle. Different ranks of priests, some in black, some in gray, some in white, flowing robes, strolled about the streets and corners of the city. The Italian-like atmosphere, and the intensely blue sky, were agreeably noticeable.

The earthquake shocks, of very frequent occurrence and a source of great terror to the people, were as *disagreeable*.

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Every one rushed to the door at the rumbling noise, sounding like low, muttering thunder under the ground, making the earth tremble and the building creak as if everything was tottering over. On going to bed at night, it was a rule to place one's clothing so that he could seize it instantly and flee from the house, should there be a shock before day.

The markets abounded in the most luxurious fruits of the tropics, especially choice grapes and figs. In our school yard were several orange trees, having on them at the same time all stages of growth, from the blossom to the ripe fruit.

Public amusements—boat racing, horse racing, masquerades, climbing greased poles, running races in sacks, and the like—were very common. Feast days and fast days were of almost weekly occurrence.

At the keeping of the carnival, for three days in April, all vehicles were forbidden in the streets, and one was not even allowed to ride through on horseback. Business was practically suspended, and the whole city was given up to the rites of the occasion. The people thronged the streets, going from church to church, muttering their prayers as they went, kneeling by the way, before the churches, and in the churches, sprinkling themselves with holy water, bowing before altars, images, and the statues of saints.

In one church were altars lighted with the most brilliant fires. In another, pictures of Christ as a youth, the mother of Jesus, angels and virgins, arrayed most gorgeously, and sparkling with costly brilliants. In another church was Christ crucified and nailed to the cross. The people would bow before these, and kiss the garments, feet and hands of some of them.

For two days and nights it continued thus, and the third day was noted for the burning of Judas, as they called it. About ten o'clock in the morning the signal was given, and the bells began to ring, guns were fired, horns blown, drums beaten. On this day the prohibition against drivers and riders was withdrawn, and carriages rattled through the streets, horseback riders darted hither and thither, and all was commotion. On almost every corner and in every conspicuous place was an image of Judas, filled with brimstone and fire crackers. The match being applied, in every part of the city was the simultaneous snapping and cracking of these scarecrows, till they would be blown to pieces, when one man would catch hold of an arm, another of the head, and run, swinging them through the air and shouting, "Death to the traitor!" amid the most boisterous excitement.

The evening and night were given to the opera, theater, masquerades, and various amusements and excesses, as rational in proportion as the carnival.

In one portion of the cemetery were the most beautiful and expensive monuments of Parian marble, where the rich were entombed, and in another portion a large hole was dug in the ground, where the poor were cast without shroud or coffin, exposed to the dogs, and dragged out by them sometimes, so that one would now and then come upon the skulls of human beings as he traveled through the fields or forests.

The mass, sometimes called the host, a company of church officials marching through the streets to perform some religious rite, was a common spectacle. This mass consisted of twelve men, bearing large glass lanterns, always lighted, by day and night. They were preceded by a man tinkling a

little bell, to warn the people of their approach, and followed by a priest robed in white, one man on either side, holding over him a large red umbrella, while twelve armed soldiers attended them, and the rabble, ragged and unwashed urchins, brought up the rear. It was expected that every one meeting the host, would stop, take off his hat, and if on horseback dismount and uncover his head. These armed dignitaries were detailed to enforce these regulations, should any one be inclined to disregard them.

The Sabbath was a holiday, the military and fire companies almost always being on parade, the first hours of the day being given to some religious service, and the others to some public amusement.

Men of princely estate on the one hand, and swarming beggars on the other, abounded. Sometimes one would meet beggars on horseback, and when told that they could not be very poor, being able to own a horse, they would reply, "Yes but we have to support ourselves and our horse too."

Drunkenness, licentiousness, and crime in general, everywhere abounded. Two well-fed, lazy soldiers would be kept guarding one prisoner, as he worked on the street, or on some public building.

In our school were a hundred pupils, seventy day scholars and thirty boarders from abroad, some of them from over a thousand miles away. Most of the boarders were from the families of wealthy men, anxious to have their sons acquire the English language that they might do business with English and American shipping houses. Some of the boys were half breeds, with a foreign father and a native mother, There were classes in Latin, algebra and geometry, looking

forward to college. All branches, including French, music and painting were taught in the school.

At five o'clock in the morning, the schoolmaster must be up with the boys and take them out swimming, at Fisherman's bay, a mile or so from the city. On our way, a spacious plateau, dotted here and there with the shanties of peons and their numerous dogs and donkeys, had to be crossed. The boys would sometimes mount these long-eared scapegraces and take a ride, when the dogs would bark and the old women would come out with their brooms and mops and pitch into the boys with a vengeance. It was amusing to see the little chaps plunge their heels into the sides of their borrowed steeds, to hasten their pace, and keep out of the way of their pursuers if possible, and then see them tumble neck and heels and scamper like good fellows when mop and broom from brawny arms, with up-rolled sleeves, were threatening to fall upon them. How the boys would laugh and the old women spit fire, and shake their fists at the young rogues.

One of the boys of this school afterwards distinguished himself at the destruction of the cathedral in Santiago, the capital of Chili, when three thousand persons were burned to death. As the city authorities and firemen were panic stricken, and did not know what to do, he sprang to the rescue, and saved many lives. His good generalship was afterwards acknowledged, and the leading papers of the country were loud in his praise. It is pleasant to think that the teachers of this young man may have contributed something to his noble bearing on this occasion.

Rev. David Trumbull, D.D., since deceased, under the

auspices of the Evangelical Christian Alliance, had formed a Congregational church at Valparaiso, composed principally of the better class of American, English and German residents. They worshipped in a hall, not being allowed to build a chapel, have a bell, steeple, or anything that would attract attention. The good doctor also started a Protestant paper, printed in the Spanish language, advocating the measures of the more progressive party of the country.

While walking out one day in company with a young man just from the States, on his way to California, a native peon came along, a tall, raw-boned man, and my friend, who had hardly learned the common salutation of the day, the full extent of his Spanish, said: "Now I'm going to speak to him and see what he'll say." Whereupon he addressed him with all the assurance imaginable, "*Como lo vos, Senor*" (how do you do, sir); when he, to show the American that he understood his language also, responded in the same *sang froid* style, with a most fearful oath, the extent of his English, of the meaning of which he was probably entirely ignorant. Here the two men confronted each other in blank stolidity, not able to carry the conversation any further, and the Yankee, to say the least, quite willing to drop it where it was.

It was curious to see the ease with which some foreigners in Valparaiso would carry on conversation in different languages. The German seemed to carry off the palm. Here is one earnestly conversing on some topic with a fellow countryman, and presently a Frenchman steps up, and he talks French to him with apparently the same ease, till a Chilano approaches, and he rattles off the Spanish as if that

was his native tongue, when an Englishman comes along, and you would say, "He's a Londoner, sure, by the way he spouts the Queen's dialect;" but no, he's a full-blooded German, and master of four languages surely; how many more you do not know. But especially was it amusing to hear the babble of tongues that prevailed at one boarding house, where many nationalities were represented. Spanish, French, German, American, Italian, and Irish, the latter of the most unadulterated sort, could be heard at the same time.

Mr. Wm. Wheelwright, formerly of Newburyport, Mass., built the railroad now running between Valparaiso and Santiago. He also devised a plan for watering the city, and started an English line of steamers between Chagres and Valparaiso. Applying to the United States for help to do the latter, he was denied, when he went to London, as I was told, laid the matter before Parliament, and received aid, making the enterprise one of large profit to the parties taking hold of it. The Chilanos regarded him as a great benefactor to their people, and afterward erected to his honor a famous statue in one of their plazas.

Having just returned from a social gathering at his house one night, all hands were startled with the fearful shock of an earthquake, followed by a second shock, when unconsciously every one rushed out into the court yard. Our school boys were there almost as soon as any one, and looking into the street, that too was pretty well filled with people, as they had hurried from their sleeping rooms. On several occasions our pupils rushed from the school room pell mell, as they were startled by this unceasing source of fear.

Aside from the single drawback of earthquakes, God has

given to the South Americans great blessings; a salubrious climate and a productive soil, yielding the choicest fruits of the earth, and abounding in rich minerals; and yet they can never rise to any degree of prosperity till they break off their shackles of superstition, and let a little of God's light into their souls.


CHAPTER V.—GOLDEN GATE.

Cross Captain—Gymnastic Birds—Clear Water—Peculiar Storm—Peculiarities—Gambling Houses—Preaching to the Gamblers—City Surveying—First Fire—Rebuilding—Swift Changes—Profane Man—Church Full of Men—Tom Hyer—Poisoned—A Felon—Off for the Mines—Mushroom Growth—The Outfit—Camping Grounds—Excitement of Mining—On a Gold Bed—Gold Hill—The Editor—Dealing with Criminals—Midnight Arousings—Dressed-up Indian—Preaching in the Mines—Surrounding Scenes—"I'd Like to Preach"—To the New Diggings—The Journey—Losing the Way—Meeting the Mail.

From the Valley of Paradise we sailed for the Golden Gate. Our captain was a Swede. Friend Sargent, afterwards Hon. A. A. Sargent, of California, and later United States minister to Berlin, since deceased, was supercargo. The sailors were few in number, and of different nationalities.

Unfortunately Mr. Swede was not of the most agreeable disposition, and the passengers began to realize the force of the saying, that the master of a vessel on the land, and the same master at sea, may be two very different characters. Before leaving port he may be wonderfully agreeable, but quite the reverse a little afterwards.

A few days, as the case turned, brought a spirit of mutiny among the sailors. One of the men, a hale and robust Scotchman, refused to work only as his own personal safety required it, and the captain, armed with a revolver, was obliged to fill up the vacancy thus made. A poor Patagonian, unable to speak English but slightly, was three



times brutally sent reeling to the deck because of some slight offense not designed.

We earnestly protested, but a volley of oaths was the only answer. Invested with a little brief authority, the captain of the *Lyon* was a conceited fool, and the passengers had to get along as best they could.

The first thing that attracted notice was a flock of white birds, about the size of our pigeons. They took the name of gymnasts, coming apparently for the amusement of the passengers. They would fly sidewise, and then backward, and then dive, and sail, and jump, and go straight up and fall like a dead weight, and turn completely over, and what not.

A few days afterwards, as we were hindered by a calm, attention was called to the unusual clearness of the water. A heavy white weight was sunk to the depth of a hundred feet, and could be distinctly seen.

Just eight weeks after leaving Valparaiso the equator was again crossed, and once more from the south came the beams of the king of day. It seemed almost like getting home.

But a peculiar storm prevailed not far from this time. The sea was chopped up in the shape of cones, and their peaks were to be seen in almost every direction. About noon a tremendous sea struck aboard with a heavy crash, breaking through the skylight into the cabin, and making the brig quiver like a leaf. For a moment it seemed as if everything was breaking asunder, but she soon righted up, and a few days of the carpenter's work repaired all damages.

Again the brig made land ten miles away, a small island. Presently the main land appeared. It was American soil,

and the next day we entered the bay of San Francisco, the mighty El Dorado of the world, inviting thither, through its yellow treasure, men from all climes and countries. Going ashore, the old stars and stripes were the signal of protection.

The city, at this time of mushroom growth, with its temporary houses and canvas tents, looked like a vast military encampment. The population was an influx from nearly all the nations of the earth, and yet there was a remarkable freedom from crime, though everything was without lock or bar, and goods in abundance were exposed in the streets. The rogues had no way of concealing what their eyes might covet, any more than the honest men had of keeping it from them, and so every thing was safe for a time. The best houses in the city were used for gambling purposes. Liquor flowed as freely as the appetite demanded, and every one for a time was his own lawgiver touching many of the interests of society. Large fortunes were made in a few days by some men, and others would just as quickly lose all that they had, and try again, and sometimes succeed, and sometimes become still more involved.

Fronting the prominent square of San Francisco, were three or four gambling halls—a hundred and fifty feet deep, by forty in width, perhaps. Each one of these places had a bar, an elevated platform for musicians, sofas, and arm chairs in abundance along the sides of the room, paintings on the walls to correspond with the place, a half dozen or so tables containing a bank of from a peck to a half bushel of money in silver and gold, surrounded by as many men as could crowd about them, busy in gaming day and night.

Occasionally in the excitement, or from some actual or sup-



posed unfair playing, pistols would be drawn, and in several instances men were fatally shot, when for a brief moment, a little ripple, perchance, might be seen upon the surface life of these men, and again the tide would run on as if no such tragedy had happened.

After a time the city authorities required the *faro* and monte men to close shop at twelve o'clock at night, and by and by to abstain from playing on the Sabbath. When thus compelled to rest from their illicit trade, they would sometimes gather into one room, and listen to a sermon from some preacher, always paying good attention, and generally taking up a collection for the minister at the close of the meeting, sometimes getting as much as fifty or a hundred dollars. Thus the Gospel was occasionally preached to men who seldom if ever entered a house of worship.

In connection with a former teacher at the Valley of Paradise, the winter was largely spent at the Golden Gate in surveying, laying out many of the lots of San Francisco, cutting through the brush, sighting the first chain, and sticking the first stakes that were made in preparation for that now wonderful city.

At the time of the first great fire at San Francisco, while hundreds were fighting the devouring element as it swept along in its course, a man was seen on the corner where the fire began, with his measuring pole, kicking away the smouldering ruins, and laying out work for another building. Just eleven days from that time, and the burnt district of several acres was all built over, with transient buildings, to be sure, but teeming with life and unsurpassed activity.

Within eight months there were two other large fires, and

four sets of buildings—first, the rough frame covered with canvas; next, the light wood houses, made in the States, and sent around the Cape; next, the moderately good building, with some of the fixtures of a more advanced civilization; and next, the substantial brick and stone structure, that would answer for a city of fifty years' growth.

One of the first ministers sent out to unfurl the banner of the cross among the gold seekers, was met before he left the vessel by a very profane man, who replied to the remark that a minister was on board: "A minister! where is he? He is just the man! I want to see him and give him the right hand of fellowship." As he crowded his way towards him, he said: "I understand you're a preacher," and with a startling oath said, "I'll give as much as any other man towards your support. Property is worth more under the Gospel, life is safer, community is happier—we can't do without it. I came from New England and know the worth of it." And he gave the minister \$500 a year towards raising the requisite \$5,000 for his support.

One Sabbath afternoon, Tom Hyer, of pugilistic notoriety, being pretty well set up with liquor, got on a showy horse, and rode into the saloons and restaurants as if he were dictator of the town. For a little while every one seemed to stand in awe of him. At length a small, compact man walked up to him and said, "Mr. Hyer, you're my prisoner. My duty as the sheriff of this county requires me to arrest you as a disturber of the peace. You will go with me." He made no resistance and was taken to the lockup. Some of the New York boys thought this rather summary treatment for their chieftain. Their pride was touched a little, and they

proposed to break him out, and had gathered to the number of two hundred or more for this purpose, when the mayor of the city made his appearance, and acting upon the force of the wise man's words, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," very soon quieted the turbulent crowd. "Gentlemen," he said, as he stood upon the balcony of the court house, "Mr. Hyer has been arrested for disturbing the peace, I regret to say. His case will come before the court the first thing tomorrow morning, and justice shall be done him, rest assured. And now, as peace-loving, law-abiding men, I trust that you will disperse and quietly retire to your several places." They saw the reasonableness of the appeal, and soon all left. The next morning, the prisoner having become sober, was led up into the court room, when the judge read to him the charge, and asked what he had to say for himself. "Nothing, your honor," was the brief reply. "I shall fine you fifty dollars," was the answer of the judge. Hyer immediately pulled out his pocket book, paid it, and walked out.

While laying out city lots in San Francisco, poison from the oak shrub, which grew very abundantly in that region, opened to me the doors of the hospital for a time. With badly-swollen face, and itching most intense, my only comfort was in scratching. It seemed a favorable time for surgery, as no scalpel, or chloroform, or ether was needed, the finger nails being sufficient, and the removal of the flesh to the bone affording a real pleasure. Suffering thus for two weeks, the luxury of a good place to be sick in was wanting, my only bed being a large chest spliced out with a board, in a little room about ten by twelve feet, containing a cook stove and its furniture, a table, three or four chairs and other household

goods. Even this could not be had till late in the evening, the other hours in the day being spent in sitting around, and walking about, and trying to find a little ease in some way, but being obliged to take it out mostly in scratching. In about three weeks the medicines mastered, and I was convalescent, though several big scars abide as reminders of those weeks forlorn.

After this, while in the mountains, I paid the doctor \$30 for cutting open and doing up a felon on one of my fingers, but in spite of all attempts to the contrary, the bone of the first joint came out, and was left to bleach on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada.

The first of February found quite a party of us on the steamer *Golden Gate* bound for the gold diggings. On reaching Sacramento we took a small steamer for Marysville, and going ashore, in a small canvas house, the only one there, with no floor, and other things to correspond, a breakfast was obtained of shortcake and coffee, costing each man one dollar and fifty cents.

Four months from this time the population numbered several thousand—a city, with its mayor and other officers.

Taking what little outfit belonged to the party, about seventy-five pounds weight each, it was voted to start on foot for the mountains. Eighty miles, and a halt was made at Nevada City, then called Deer Creek, consisting of half a dozen log huts, and a population of perhaps a hundred men within a circuit of four or five miles. A few months, and this place counted its inhabitants by thousands. Here a week's work, at \$10 a day to the man, occupied us, when the suggestion of forming another company prevailed, and new work was begun.

Our outfit consisted for each man, four in all, of a shovel, pickaxe and tin pan, the articles costing the moderate sum of \$32—the shovel \$16, and the pick and pan \$8 each. For two or three weeks the profits were about what they had been, \$10 a day each—just about enough to pay expenses. Flour was \$1.50 a pound. A miner's rocker, the original cost of which was perhaps \$1, cost in the mines \$25. For a very plain meal at a rancho or restaurant, \$2 was the price. Lodging was cheap, the ground and all out doors constituting the bed room.

After a little we found good paying dirt, and the first day two of us took out \$200. At this time the third man, Grey, was up on the middle Yuba, fifty miles above, prospecting. He returned Saturday afternoon, before which we had taken out over \$1,000.

"Ten thousand wouldn't tempt me to part with a claim which I have made up on the Yuba," said Grey. "I think we shall make a big pile there. We'll hold on to this and work it till the river falls, so that we can go into that with advantage."

After this we counted up from day to day, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$175 and \$200, as long as we held the claim. It was a good lead, and we should have kept it, for our aspirations for something better ended in failure.

But the excitement of gold digging! The feeling is all the time: The next blow may reveal a fortune! the next spade of earth may open the way to hundreds of thousands! It has been so with this man here, and that one up yonder, and scores of fortunate fellows!

A few days after changing our camping grounds on one

occasion, some young chaps from New York city, with their gold rings on, and their gold watch chains and white shirts, as usual, comparatively fresh from the city, struck down on the very spot where our old tent had been for six weeks, rooting up the very trees that had served as jambs to our fireplace, and though every one laughed at them for thinking of finding gold in such a place, it turned out \$15 and \$20 to the pan.

Six weeks on a gold bed without knowing it! The scientific men would have said, "There's no gold there," but these greenhorns, smart enough in handling silks and satins, and waiting on ladies behind counters, but perfect novices with the spade and pick, blundered upon the right spot the first time trying, and made a fortune in a few days. It was wonderful how all the scientific theories explode with regard to the finding of gold. Just where the geologists would say, "This is not a gold-bearing region," it might be found in abundance.

A hard-working man came along one day, and said: "I've been in the mines a year, and have only just made a living." When, to see how credulous he might be, the answer was: "There's plenty of gold all about here. I could go right up into that mountain and find it."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"I know it."

"Will you lend me a pan and shovel, that I may go and try it?"

"Oh, yes; glad to do so."

And away he marched to look for gold on the top of a mountain.

"I'd as soon think of finding gold in a tree top," said the man who had sent him off on his fool's errand, as he supposed. But he presently returned with his pan of dirt, washed it out, and to the surprise of every one but himself, had a dollar's worth of gold to show.

In less than forty-eight hours that mountain took the name of Gold Mountain, was all staked out with claims, was swarming with men, and yielding its hundreds of thousands of dollars a day. It would be safe to say that millions were taken out of that mountain, and all discovered through a mere joke.

It was interesting to see the different professions represented in the mines—educated men, editors, doctors, lawyers—men of culture and high position at home.

One day while lugging dirt, and looking much like a hod carrier, Mr. Hitchcock, an editor of a paper in Ogdensburg, New York, called out:

"Sheldon, what would your folks think if they should see you just as you are now?"

"And what would the patrons of the editor think, if they should see him in his red shirt and slouch hat, plunging into the dirt and water in that style?"

"A great country, this," he said, and away went the rocker washing out the little yellow particles that gave the snug sum of \$50 at night.

The method of dealing with criminals in the mines was somewhat peculiar. As an illustration: One day, when Grey was absent, a large muscular man came along, and after talking a few moments, concluded to jump the lower end of the claim. Our protests were in vain. He simply laughed at us, saying: "I think you are pretty clever boys, and I guess

I'll work along side of you," which he did, with all the impudence imaginable, for two long days, sinking a good-sized shaft ten feet deep. When Grey came home, after hearing our story, he simply said: "I'll get him out," and buckling his pistol about him, he started for the place. Grey had been through the Mexican war, was a resolute chap, and knew just what to do. Marching straight up to the man, he said: "Did you know that you were on other men's property here?"

"Well, the boys said so, but I thought they were clever boys, and I'd work here."

"Well, sir," said Grey, putting his hand on his pistol, "Out of that hole, quick."

And he got out quick, beyond a question. He began to think he had probably worked long enough by the side of the "clever boys." After apologizing and giving a very pitiable experience, Grey said:

"Well, now; I'll tell you just what I had proposed to do, simply to say 'Get out' once, and if you didn't do it to blow your brains out; and I should have done it, and you'd have been a dead man if you had hesitated a moment."

"But now," said Grey, "work away; you are welcome, under the circumstances, to all you can get. I'm ready to share my last dollar with a man that's in want, but I can't stand the grab game at all, at all. I'd rather give a man a hundred dollars than to have him try to cheat me out of a shilling, any time."

This is a fair sample of the way they managed such matters in the mines, though the transgressor did not always escape so fortunately. When a man was arrested for

stealing, or anything of that sort, a jury of twelve men being selected, they would take their seats on the logs or the ground, listen to the case and pronounce their judgment, occupying sometimes ten minutes and sometimes possibly half an hour, when the verdict would be acted upon without delay. A common penalty was to shave one-half of the head, give the offender a few vigorous lashes, and bid him leave the diggings and never return, under penalty of death. The peculiar situation of things necessitated this summary kind of action, as it afterwards gave rise to the vigilance committee in San Francisco for a time.

It was quite common in the mines to be aroused at midnight or later by the discharge of firearms. Some party, perhaps late into camp, or startled by a bear or wolf trying to steal some miner's breakfast, or possibly some one excited over the gaming stand, would fire off a pistol, which would be followed by another, and this by another, and so on, till for a mile around it would sound like a regular battle, and in quick, sharp succession, the flash of rifle and revolver would gleam through the darkness, when after a little, quiet would again prevail, and the whole camp, just now ablaze and noisy with arms, would once more hold in peaceful slumber its weary inhabitants.

Some rude chaps one day dressed up a Digger Indian, who, having taken just enough fire water to make him feel nicely, went marching along through the principal street of the town; a tall, muscular fellow, his whole outfit consisting of a pair of shoes, a red shirt and a white, bell-top hat—a somewhat enlarged pattern of the Uncle-Sam style. Straight as an arrow he made his way from end of the village to the

other, attracting store and shop hands on every side, and making himself the most observed of all observers. It was a comical sight, and contributed forcibly to our gastric needs, as loud peals of laughter indicated.

The high water of the mountain streams had subsided, and we were off for new developments on the river Yuba. We bought a span of mules and a horse, laid in provisions for the summer, got together what tools we needed, and packed them up to our new mountain home, selling the old claim that was yielding us such good returns for three hundred dollars, the buyers taking out that amount the first day.

In getting to the Yuba, our way was over immense ranges which made common mountains look like little hills. The grizzly bears that were sometimes seen, the prairie wolves that would howl about the camp at night as if all bedlam was let loose, the swift antelope and the nimble deer, the immense trees three hundred feet high, furnishing material in a single trunk for twenty saw logs from three to six feet in diameter, the ten-mile stretch of snow from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, which had to be passed over in the month of May, and the large fields of white lilies, growing so high that they could be seen a long distance away, and easily picked on horseback, all had a novelty about them, to say the least.

At one time, losing my way while plodding along through the woods in a well-beaten trail, just as the sun was setting, who should approach but a tall, bareheaded, barefooted Indian, his weapon being a long, sword-like knife, and his salutation the peculiar "ugh," as he kept vigorously on his way.

An Indian camp not far ahead was suspected; but no, in about half an hour the river was reached, and a company of miners found, who had come in the day before. Sharing their hospitality that night, drinking tea from one of their tin cups, sleeping on the ground under one of their blankets, the next morning, after breakfast, my march was again taken up, with a view of striking the river fifteen miles below, but owing to some deep canons, needing to take a round-about course for it. About noon, meeting two men, and asking them if they could tell me the direction to the "snow tent," a point on the way to Concord Bar, the place of destination, "Yes," they said, "but you're going right away from it; follow us, and we'll lead you to the very spot." "You're lost," said one of them, "but I defy all creation to lose me."

But, notwithstanding, in less than twenty minutes it appeared that we had all turned about, and were following our steps backwards. As I saw this and protested, they gave a scornful laugh, till at last the young man that all creation couldn't lose suddenly halted, and said: "I remember passing over this log, sure. Well, it's the first time I ever got lost."

It was the middle of the afternoon, and which trail of the almost endless number that looked to every point of the compass was the right one, no one knew. In looking about to see if there was any familiar mark near that would serve as a guide, another lost party was found. If misery loves company, the supply was ample, for here we were, nine men, and all wishing to go past the "snow tent," but not knowing which path to take. As the matches were being sought, with the thought of starting a fire and camping there that

night, a cry was heard: "Hello, hello! I've found it, I've found it!"

Some one recognized a peculiar tree which he had noticed before, and the march was again taken up, the "snow tent" reached, and Concord Bar found just before dark, two days' travel having been made, at least eighty miles, in what should have been done in forty miles.

Soon after this, disposing of my mining interests, and taking one of the mules, I started for Sacramento. On reaching the city, my custom of sleeping out of doors so long produced a decided aversion to the thought of taking quarters in a small room with a dozen men or more, the best accommodations to be had, and so lodgings were chosen on a partially finished haystack, on the edge of the town, where a comfortable night was had, with plenty of good oxygen to sweeten sleep and recuperate exhausted nature.

At another time, while coming through the woods, it was a most joyful surprise to the lone traveler to receive three letters from the postman, who had been to San Francisco for the mail. Slipping them into my pocket, and starting on my way, as one letter was opened it was found to be a year old. As another was opened, that, too, bore the date of twelve months ago. The third one was tried with no better results.

Well, they were from home. They contained news and brought joy to the reader. They had journeyed to Valparaiso, South America, were forwarded to San Francisco, and brought up to the mines, wearing out a whole year before reaching me. The postage, forty cents a letter from the States to San Francisco, and two dollars from there to the

mines, seven dollars and twenty cents for the three, was a good round price, to be sure, but never was money for anything more cheerfully paid.

CHAPTER VI.—OLD MEXICO.

The Corn Cracker and the Fox—Elective Affinities—Lashed to the Deck—Burial at Sea—Land, ho!—Old Mexico—First Night—Death of the Doctor—Cholera—Sabbath Halt—Robbers—Hanging Man—Lasso Cavaliers—Pumpkin Raft—Mills' Horse—Halls of Montezuma—Pockets Picked—Mexican Churches—General Scott's Road—Fancy Mule.

Again on the deep, bound for old Mexico. The first day a dispute arose between two men, one a down-easter, as he was called, a man from Maine, and the other a Kentuckian, a dispute on the everlasting question which, after so much excitement and blood, is hardly yet fully settled. The "Corn Cracker" threatened to whip the "Fox," pulling off his coat and showing fight, because the "peculiar institution" was assailed by the "Mudsill Yankee," as he was pleased to call him.

A hundred and thirty passengers, from almost all portions of the land, constituted the company. They were mostly strangers to each other until this time. But they soon became acquainted touching the general outlines of character as exhibited in the mode of speech, look, ordinary bearing, and the like, and in a few days as many as a dozen knots of men grouped together in different places could be seen, each one suiting his taste in choosing his associates. This feature was noticeable from day to day. It was the great delight of some of these men to boast of their villainies—what smart lies they had told by which they cheated some one, what fights

they got into, how drunk they were, and what they did while intoxicated. They gloried in their shame. It was a sad comment on the depravity of man when left to himself.

Two of this company were terribly profane. For curiosity, I attempted to take down their words one day, and in a conversation of just fifteen minutes, there were seventy-seven oaths of the most blasphemous character, while the appellations of "devil," "damn," "hell," and the like, were so frequent that my pencil could not move fast enough to enumerate them. Such was the general conversation of two men, representatives of multitudes in the world, spending their lives cursing their maker and calling on God to damn them.

But another storm was encountered, a reminder of Cape Horn, the memory of which could not be fully obliterated. At night it was so warm that we made the cabin deck our resting place, lashing ourselves down to keep from rolling off, sleeping some, and waking some, as we rocked upon the rough waves.

After this there was a burial at sea of a man who six hours before was on deck, walking about, somewhat ill, but not alarmingly so. At five o'clock in the morning he was a corpse. At eight o'clock he was laid out upon a wide, long plank, with some bricks at his feet as weights for sinking the body, now in readiness for burial. A few short religious services, and the plank was raised to the top of the bulwarks, gently tipped on end, and the remains of poor Rice sunk to their watery grave. In less than a week there was another, once a Wall street broker, in New York city, but left to die friendless and alone, to be buried far at sea.

Such is life — fearful, grand, joyful, sad!


In a few days after this, the glad sound came from mast head, "Land, ho!" It was the bay of Acapulco. The green grass and cocoanut trees lining the shore presented a pleasant greeting. Two steamers were lying at anchor, and several sail vessels. It was cheering to go ashore once more, and a pleasant change to spend a day or two in that genuine old Mexican city, with its low houses of adobe walls and tiled roofs.

Consulting the American consul with reference to the overland route of six hundred miles through Mexico, "The country," he said, "is infested with robbers, and the way is dangerous, but you can go through. Arm well, show a bold front, and go ahead."

About forty passengers, accordingly, divided up into small parties of eight or ten each, so as to get better accommodations on the way, and started.

The first night out, before getting into camp, a most fearful thunder storm, so peculiar to that country, necessitated a sudden halt. The rain poured down in torrents, and all the upper regions belched forth their hot thunderbolts. Peal on peal and flash on flash was the order of the night. It seemed as if the whole globe would rend asunder, and the sulphurous streams and tongues and chains of fire take vengeance on the inhabitants. It was terrific. The only thing to do was to tie up our animals and remain as passively as possible till daylight.

Early the next morning, on reaching a small village, while breakfast was preparing, our coats, vests, blankets, and other wet clothes in abundance, were spread out to dry in the warm sun, and after replenishing the inner man with a good supply



of chickens, chocolate, eggs and tortillas, our route was continued, and the journey shortened fifty miles that day.

The third day, and our physician died with the cholera. He was a dissipated young man, and bad whiskey killed him, using cholera as its weapon. A sickness of three hours, and the vital spark went out, and all that remained of poor Wells was left to rest in the soil of the ancient Montezumas.

Every day revealed more and more cholera. No place was free from it. In one town of ten thousand people, twelve hundred had died in two weeks.

When the first Saturday night came, the question arose, "How about to-morrow?"

"Let's go on," said one and another, "and rest at Old Mexico."

"No," was the answer; "let's rest here till Monday."

Six agreed to remain. Two demurred, and went on, the dreams of the night giving them no better purpose. They were told that they missed it, but they thought not, and on they went. The rest of us spent the day quietly, resting ourselves and our beasts of burden.

In the evening we went with our landlord to witness a religious ceremony among the natives. Nearly or quite the whole town was assembled. They formed themselves into a procession, the men having guns and sky rockets, and the women lighted candles and mirrors, wreaths of flowers and bows of silk. The children brought up the rear, and they made a line nearly half a mile in length, and as they began their march a gun was fired. A few moments, and a sky rocket was sent up. Presently they broke out into singing. Then they halted and knelt, and a priest offered prayer, and

was not forgetful of the benighted *Americanos* who were present.

As the prayer ended, they started again. Another gun was fired, and several rockets went hissing into the air. In this manner, after marching half a mile or so, they returned, and the religious rite was ended.

Now for a good, social time! The bottle was passed around and they all partook, soon became merry, dancing the fandango, gathering in groups to play cards, smoke, drink, and have a good time generally, as they seemed to think.

Our landlord being asked the meaning of all this, said, that the cholera had been raging all about them. Every settlement for miles around had been afflicted, hundreds had died, but their town had fortunately escaped, and they had taken this way to express their gratitude to God!

But what of the two men who left on the Sabbath?

Well, they lost their way, killed one of their mules, worth \$100, lay out in the cold all one night, went without anything to eat for twenty-four hours, and reached the city of Mexico one day after those who rested on the Sabbath, fully persuaded that they missed it, as they had been told.

A day or two before reaching the city, seven men sprang up from ambush as we quietly rode along, and shouted out, "Your money! your money!" As quick as a flash some one said, "Robbers! robbers!" and out came a dozen good revolvers. As these bandits saw this they quailed, and said they were not after our money—they were government officials, and must see and sign the passports of all who traveled that way. Seeing these, they claimed that the law forbade the carrying of arms through the country, and if

these were surrendered it would be all right. To this every one most emphatically objected, and assured them that, a single insult more and they would learn the virtue of the little war dogs that confronted them. Understanding by this time that they had evidently encountered their match, as they gathered together to consult over the situation of things, we moved on, soon leaving them out of sight. No one was killed and no one robbed, thanks to providence and pistols. The only safe way to travel in that country in those days was, to remember the motto of old Cromwell, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

The next day we passed a man hanging by the neck to the limb of a tree by the roadside. We afterwards found that he was a robber, who had been shot by the police and left there as a warning to others.

While passing through the timber, attention was frequently called to men skulking and dodging from tree to tree, peeking out to see who we were, and how armed.

As the route lay through a straight, smooth road one day, five men on high-fed steeds were noticed coming rapidly forward. All of a sudden they stopped, dismounted, tightened their saddle girths, fixed their pistols, arranged their lassos, and started forward, riding five abreast. They approached at full speed within a few rods of us, and finding that a warm reception threatened them, they took a trail leading into the brush, and were off in short order. Savage country, that, surely, and no wonder that such a people should be continually involved in broils.

Camping one night at a large river, we asked the natives if there was any way of getting over.

"Oh, yes," they said, "we have a boat; we'll take you over."

In the morning, going down to the river, two men were observed coming from a little cluster of bushes with their boat, as they called it. Was there ever such another! It was a simple raft, ten feet by fifteen or so, made of reeds and large pumpkins.

Was it possible to get over on that?

"Oh, yes, we take people over every day, almost," they said.

It was that or nothing, and so two of us at a time, with saddles and bridles, went aboard, and two of the natives, stripping themselves, went in, one on either side, and holding on by one hand and paddling with the other, went across. The boat that was first seen on the beach had become quite stylish—a double side-wheel.

"Isn't this 'some pumpkins?'" said John, as the raft floated down with the current and landed half a mile below, on the other side.

Shouldering their reeds and pumpkins, and carrying them up about half a mile above where they wished to land on the other side, they plunged in again, and went back for another installment. Two by two, in this novel way, the river was crossed, when these natives drove in the animals, and hooting and yelling, swam them over. After paying them a good round price for this perilous ride, these boatmen returned, and we went forward.

In a few days another stream had to be crossed. Each man, perched well up on the neck of his animal to keep out of the water as much as possible, dashed in and went through.

It was a little hazardous, but the Lord's angels helped, and we were all safely landed on the other side. Here friend Mills' horse stopped, and absolutely refused to take another step. No whipping, or coaxing, or boosting, would do any good. The beast was tired out, to tell the truth, and lucky for his rider that he didn't stop in the middle of the stream, rather than where he did. Stripping off saddle and bridle, and leaving the used-up nag, poor Mills footed it into town, twelve miles, when he bought another animal, and went forward the next day.

After reaching the city of Mexico, and resting a little, some of the lions of the ancient town claimed attention. To roam for a brief day in the halls of the Montezumas, was worth the while. The entrance to the place was a gateway, guarded by two soldiers. Observing the crowds passing in, and following suit, all of a sudden the drawn sabres of three armed dignitaries caused a very hasty retreat of the *Americanos*.

"What does this mean?" was the audible exclamation, as a quick halt was made.

We soon observed that every one touched his hat to these government officials as he went in. So taking a little circuit about the neighboring square, as the place of entrance was approached the second time, a low bow and a broad wave of the hand in the direction of the wide-rimmed sombrero, was sufficient. "Pass right in," they seemed to say, and in a moment we found ourselves within the inclosures of those wonderful buildings, which have borne witness to such strange sights amid the revolutions of bygone years.

While visiting the museum, one man had his pockets

picked by a set of rough fellows, whom he knew to be following him up, but fortunately lost nothing but a red bandanna, a pair of gloves, and a small coil of wrapping twine.

The next attraction was a grand cathedral, said to contain millions of dollars' worth of gold, in statues and ornaments, and figures of the apostles and heroes of war. After this, at the invitation of the American minister, we visited a church of great magnificence, and rich in gold trimmings and figures of various devices.

"It would be just as well to have your pistols along," remarked this distinguished official on starting. "I never carry such things myself, but I like well enough to have them around."

We followed his advice, though no one doubted that he was probably the best armed of any in the party, for every man carried his pistol in that country as much as he wore his hat.

Leaving this ancient town, our route for three hundred miles was over the road through which General Scott marched his army during the Mexican War.

Mazatlan, Chilpanzinga, Cuernavaca, Puebla and Jalapa, all had their objects of interest, and all called for a hasty looking over.

But how strange it seemed to meet daily from six to a dozen stage coaches, each coach drawn by seven span of mules, and guarded by six cavaliers, heavily bearded and spurred, and almost literally covered over with weapons—a brace of revolvers, a rifle, and an arrow-headed spear extending up from one of the stirrups.

My faithful animal for six hundred miles was a cream-

colored mule, a real racker, going with ease fifty miles a day, and with little fatigue to the rider, such was her gait. She was the only animal of the whole number, excepting one horse, that endured the journey without giving out, all the rest of the party having their second, two of them their third, and one his fourth. Could I have got the little beauty home, she would have had the fondest care till called to go where all good mules go; but forty bright silver dollars in hand, and she became the property of another man.

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.

On the Gulf of Mexico—Moonlight Sharking—Bay of Campeachy—Sport with the Porpoises—Steamer, ahoy!—Up the Mississippi—Sharps—Home Surprise.

In crossing the Gulf of Mexico, some fifteen shipmates, together with the crew, constituted the company. Two days out and a dead calm held the vessel, which in twenty-four hours had drifted back just one mile. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the deck was so warm as to almost burn one's feet while walking across it in thin slippers. The perspiration trickled down our faces, and dripped from our noses in little streams.

As the sun was setting one day, the clouds were in such a position as to cause the rays of light in the water to appear like red balls of fire. There were over forty of them, and they looked very real.

By the light of the moon, some one harpooned a large shark, and all hands rushed forward to participate in the sport. Even the captain's wife seized the great wet rope to help haul him on deck. But he was an unwilling captive. He caught the handle of the lance in his mouth, and swung it about with great violence, at the same time whipping the deck with his tail at a furious rate. A few blows with a handspike over his nose quieted him, and with an ax his head was soon chopped off, though he was wonderfully tenacious of life. One man took the jaws, another the back bone,

another a portion of the rough hide, and thus he was distributed around. Two little pilot fishes, said to be constant attendants of the shark, adhered to his sides so closely as to be drawn aboard with him.

• In just nineteen days we made land again—the city of Campeachy. Being short of provisions, the captain entered the harbor, inquired the regulations of the port, and found, as the cholera had prevailed so extensively along the coast, a quarantine of forty days must be observed before we could land—rather poor encouragement for a company of hungry men, with their faces homeward, and eager to end their strife with the winds and the waves. After passing the night with such a prospect, the captain set out for the shore, was met by the harbor master, who received his message, and in a few hours returned with a quantity of provisions, and we were soon under way once more.

The next day was the great day of sport with the porpoises. One was hit with the lance, when he jumped several feet into the air, and was off at full speed, leaping every few seconds entirely out of the water, with the blood spurting from his wounds.

Presently another was hit, and just as he was being hauled upon the forecastle, he slipped from the iron barb and fell back into the water with a deep wound to show his comrades. A few moments, and another school appeared, and a third one was hit and raised a few feet, when the rope parted, and he swam off with the lance sticking in his back. It was quite an eventful day with the sea hogs.

On the thirteenth day land was again made—a point called Raccoon Paw, extending into the sea, about three hundred

miles from Mobile. The anchor was quickly cast, and the captain soon boarded a light vessel in quest of provisions, of which the ship was again short. Not succeeding, a small boat was rigged with sails and sent ashore, about twelve miles, in search of supplies. Soon after this a steamer from Galveston was seen in the distance, and answering the signal of distress, she came to the relief of the brig's passengers, took us on board, and in a day or two landed us in New Orleans, where we bade farewell to the sea.

Our trip up the Mississippi river to Cincinnati consumed ten days. With good state rooms, elegant dining room and saloon, the best of living, and plenty of good reading and company, the charges were only twelve dollars, the cheapest kind of boarding, with sumptuous fare, and a thousand miles of travel thrown in.

The first night, one of the company, a young man from Brooklyn, N. Y., got into conversation with two men of fine address, and very curious to learn something about California. They were especially interested in the gambling operations of that country.

"What did you call the name of that game so much played there?" said one; "never heard of it before."

The captain was interested in giving them a little instruction on this important subject, and they led him on, so curious to learn, so charmed with his descriptions, till they gathered around a table, when the captain said, "This is the style of it," and he began to shuffle the cards and deal them out, to give them a practical demonstration of how to do it. They were delighted. At first they didn't exactly see into it, but they learned pretty fast, and before nine o'clock were hard at it.

To add to the excitement they put down fifty cents apiece; then a dollar, and so on. Of course the captain, understanding it so much better than they did, had the decided advantage, but they were willing to lose a few dollars for the sake of learning the game. The next morning the captain, on being quizzed, owned with a little chagrin that he lost \$75 by the chaps. They were old hands at the business. It was their trade; just what they were there for. After playing this kind of a game till they were pretty thoroughly found out, they would get off at the next stopping place, and perhaps in half an hour would take another boat that might come along and practice the same thing upon another set of greenies. Thus they traveled up and down the river, having a good harvest in this way during the entire season of navigation.

Reaching Cincinnati, and hastily visiting the big lions of that city, by another boat to Pittsburg, and by rail to Baltimore and New York, it was found that a little more than thirty thousand miles had helped feed the shuttle of the last nine hundred and fourteen days. As the last three months had borne no tidings of the way to friends at home, they were beginning to say, "He must have been shipwrecked, or have perished in some other way."

On being told of Mexican guerrillas, and the cholera, and short supplies on shipboard, and crossing rivers on pumpkin rafts, and other kindred perils, the response was, "If we had known all that, we should have known you were dead."

But God heard those daily prayers at home, and what power could prevail against them?

[REDACTED]

PART SECOND—PIONEER MISSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

To the Sunny Southwest—Little Whittler—Ainsworth Brothers—Doing Pastoral Work—An Ex-Slaveholder—Love of Flowers—Our Hired House—Freedmen—Caste—Identification Wanted.

When the war ended, the Southwest seemed to call for missionary work as never before. Thither we went. The first Sabbath service was held in the court house, and a small but appreciative audience was gathered.

When the sermon was about half through, a little fellow on the front seat becoming uneasy, the father pulled out a pine stick and a jack knife, and the boy sat and whittled away as quietly as could be, piling up quite a little heap of shavings at his feet. It was a novel way of stilling children at church, but very effective, as the parents knew, and hence had come prepared.

In this field were two brothers, wide awake, full of the genuine Western spirit and New England blood, as zealous for the moral well being of the community as they were for prosperity in business. Always ready for every good word and work, one of them was the Sabbath school superintendent, leader of the choir, organist, and manager of the financial affairs of the society; cheerful, hearty, social, gaining the

esteem and commanding the respect of all who knew him. After closing up his business for the day, he would sometimes start out to do pastoral work, as he called it. Knowing about what time different families were in the habit of retiring for the night, he would gauge his calls accordingly. He usually reached our house about nine o'clock, as we were generally up till ten, and leaving us he would go to the colonel's, for they never went to bed, he used to say, till eleven, and after this he would make the miller a visit, for he kept up his grinding till twelve, when he would go home and retire, to be up again at five in the morning—four hours' sleep seeming to be sufficient for his mercurial temperament. It was almost a means of grace to shake hands with him, or to hear him laugh so freely and heartily.

One member of the congregation had been a slaveholder, and mistrusting how the thing would turn, just as the war broke out, he slipped his slaves down into Kentucky and sold them for a good, round price, changed his politics, and coming back an avowed abolitionist, got himself nominated for office and served in the State Legislature several years. He was very kind to us, and uniformly at church on the Sabbath.

"I never did like slavery," he said, "but being born and brought up in it, I knew no other way."

There might have been some truth in this, with a large mixture of human nature, which prompted him to sell his slaves and pocket the money, before he repudiated the system too severely.

The people soon bought a small church, which had formerly been used by the Southern Methodists. When they

made the purchase, on the backs of the seats were posted in large capitals, "No smoking allowed here." Chewing and snuffing were supposed to be admissible at all times and in all places.

But we soon revolutionized things, and with nicely papered walls, new and painted seats, a modern pulpit, matting in the aisles and a good organ, we had a comfortable place of worship. A stranger from the Atlantic coast looking in upon us, would have said: "I'm back in New England." In fact there was more intelligence and culture in the congregation than churches of twice that number can ordinarily boast. It is often thus at the front, and the more remote the point, the more likely is it to be thus.

One of the deacons of this church, a warm-hearted man, at the close of every service, used to march straight to the pulpit, and sometimes into it to shake hands with me. He never failed. It was his way, and a good one, of bidding the preacher God speed. It seemed to be as natural to him as it proved to be helpful to me. Would that every church had such a deacon.

Another man, a great lover of flowers, always brought to church a beautiful bouquet and placed it on the table in front of the pulpit. If he chanced to be late, as he sometimes did, it made no difference, he never took his seat till he had fixed his bouquet.

Our dwelling house we rented of an ex-slaveholder, who received five times the rent he got before slavery was abolished; and so the day after election, on meeting him, I took special pains to congratulate him on the overwhelming defeat of his party, "Because it will increase the value of

your property so much," I said, "as it is now with the rent of your house, for example." He knew that such was the fact, but it made no difference; slavery was too precious to be given up for any such consideration. He submitted only because he must submit.

It was interesting to see how the freedmen appreciated their school privileges—eager to learn, from the little children to the grandparents. At a Sabbath school gathering one Sabbath afternoon, several aged men spoke, showing that they were men of no inferior endowments, but for seventy years the wheel had gone over them, and they were just permitted to see the dawn of a brighter day to their race.

"My fadder," said one, "was my ole massa, and he used to say he was gwine to make suffin' ob me. So one day, when I'se about free year ole, a man what bought niggers he comed along, and he talked my fadder an awful long spell, and jist no time dis nigger was behind dat ole trader on his hoss, and dat's de last time dis chile seed my fadder. Well, he allus said he's gwine to make suffin' ob me, and I reckon he did, sure 'nuff; he make 'bout free hunder dollah."

In one of the schools was a young girl about sixteen years of age, so nearly white that not one in a hundred would have supposed that she was other than pure Caucasian, but the least taint of negro blood in her veins was an everlasting ban upon her. And where was the help? Thank God, the accursed institution is overthrown!

Having occasion, while in this church, to visit Leavenworth, and being short of money before returning, but fortunately having a check in my pocket, the first natural suggestion was to get it cashed at the bank, if possible. Ap-

proaching the counter, and handing it to the man, with the inquiry, "Can you cash this for me?" he replied:

"Can you identify yourself?"

"No, sir; I'm a stranger here.

"Can't take it," was the short reply.

Passing into another bank, as the same question was asked, the man took the check, read it very carefully, and asked:

"Can you identify yourself?"

"I cannot; I'm a stranger here."

"Can't take it," was the only satisfaction given, as he passed the paper back.

What shall I do? How shall I get home? Well, there's another bank; I'll try there.

"Can you cash this for me?" I said, as I passed the check to one of the men. He looked at the paper, and then at me, and then at the paper again, and finally said:

"Can you identify yourself?"

"I cannot."

"Can't take it," was all the consolation I got.

"But what shall I do?" I still said. "I'll try once more."

So entering the fourth bank, with the feeling, "there's nothing like perseverance," I walked up to the counter as if it was the first trial I had made, presented the check, and said:

"Can you cash this for me?"

He looked at it, and out came the same old question, now for the fourth time, at four different banks:

"Can you identify yourself?"

"No, sir; I'm a stranger here; live at ——; have been down to Kansas City, and find I haven't money enough to get home with."

He studied my countenance for half a minute, and said:

"I'll take it. I don't very often do such a thing, but I'll run the risk this time."

He counted out the money, and quick relief was felt. What good spirit prompted him, while his three neighbors were so relentless!

CHAPTER II.

The Land of the Dakotas—Pleasant Greetings—Brule Valley—The Trio—Fire Fiend—Pillar to Post—Stormy Night—Results—Caught in a Whirlpool—God's Voice—Grand Jury—Santee Agency—Important Changes—Indian Chiefs—Cain's Wife—Marked Advances—Frost-bitten—Tragic Tumble—Free Pass—Magnificent Farm House—Translated Hat—Race with a Tin Pail.

From the Southwest our way lay to the Northwest, the land of the Dakotas. Here we found that a pioneer home missionary needed to be endowed with great versatility of talents. "Jack at all trades," should be his motto. He should know everything, and be able to do almost everything: to speak with eloquence on a great variety of subjects at a moment's notice; discourse fluently on political economy; write learnedly on the deep scientific problems of the day; treat abstract theological doctrines, which nobody understands, in the most lucid and satisfactory manner; and lecture on temperance, education, foreign travel, and divers other topics, as different from these as these are different from the ordinary teachings of the schools. He should also have a quick eye and a sharp ear to all the interests of the parish; should be able to lead in organizing the church, and Sabbath school, and mission bands; to devise proper entertainments for the young people, to keep them from questionable amusements; to find the best site for the church building; see to the laying of the foundation of the holy temple, and the placing of the topmost stone, with the shoutings of

"Grace, grace unto it!" Besides this, he should know how to make for *himself* an abode, doing with his own hands, it may be, much of the manual labor.

And then the collaterals: digging wells, making cisterns, mending broken wagons, dilapidated harnesses, building fires in halls of worship, lighting lamps, and sweeping floors, are things with which he must be familiar. More than this: he must not only be able to cast out devils, but to raise the dead, so to speak, in creating a religious sentiment in a community where utter indifference prevails.

He must attempt, in short, a thousand impossibilities which he knows he cannot do for want of means, but which he tries, nevertheless, as though they were as easy of accomplishment as they are needful and imperative, in order to a tolerable kind of success in his work.

Sympathizing friends said: "What a pity he's come out here to die!" But the Lord had other plans. The first church organized was forty-five miles from the capital, our home. Here we procured a hall, fitted it up nicely with seats, soon got an organ, started a Sabbath school, obtained a library, and everything for a time was in a high degree of prosperity. One of the business men of the place, a member of the church, paid \$100 a year, and others did all they could.

At the close of one morning service a young man introduced himself, and said he was glad to see that in this new country the people were planting churches, as well as breaking the prairie and setting out trees.

"Do you live here?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"Since yesterday afternoon; just in from Ohio; am stopping at the public house; should be glad to have you take dinner with me. I like to be with ministers, and I want to help them as far as I can, in my poor way."

He was from this time my best friend. His house was my stopping place whenever I was there for a service, and he and his wife both united with the church, his wife playing the organ, which was brought from her home every Sabbath morning.

About four years after this he was taken with the typhoid fever, and in a little more than a month was called to the heavenly home. At the request of his wife, an obituary notice was sent to the *Advance*, and a few days after this, she was called to follow her husband. God had given them a bright little boy, who soon afterwards joined them. They were all happy and hopeful in their humble home on the Vermillion, but the Master wished them to be with Him in their glorious home on high.

But soon the call from a new town, seven miles below, was, "Come over and preach for us." My host was a young man, living by himself, and just opening a farm in the broad and beautiful valley of the Brule. He gave me his bed at night, and himself took the floor. Here another church was organized, and supplied in connection with the first one.

But still a third call was heard, from a point fifteen miles above, and here, too, the good work was begun.

There was now a grand trio, and for a year my work was to cultivate these fields, requiring me to ride a hundred miles a week, preach three times on the Sabbath—once a day at each of these places—besides attending Sabbath schools, and

occasionally putting in a sermon elsewhere between services. But the fire fiend came one night and took away everything at the first point. A new place had to be hunted; yet nothing daunted, the little band of pilgrims persevered, till this place and a second one were turned over to another man.

At the third point it was difficult to find a place which could be rented for meetings. By the courtesy of the Episcopalians, our church was organized in their little chapel.

Then we went to the old school house, rickety and tumbling down; from there into a hall, untidy, and with no attractions; from there into the back part of this place, the other part being needed for offices; and from there, as this place was now wanted for merchandise, into a miserable shell in an out-of-the-way place, void of all attractions and all comforts; and from there to a worse shell than this one even; and from there into a dry goods store, finding a place in the large open space between the counters, where we arranged our seats and organ, turning the former out doors during the week, and carrying the organ into an adjoining room. This we kept for more than six months. How sadly we needed a house of worship to begin with. It is always so. How would it be for the banker, the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier, the tailor, the grocer, the plumber, and other artisans and men and women of business, to operate in this manner! Preposterous! Any more so than in the case of a missionary? Not a particle. A house for the Lord and a home for the missionary are needed simultaneously, and both to begin with, unless we would change all the laws of nature and try to make things go contrary to the great eternal rule of God. It's lack of economy. It's wasteful to have it otherwise.

Having preached in the morning, at one time, it was necessary to ride thirty miles in the afternoon to meet an appointment in the evening, and after getting my horse taken care of, and myself tidied up for the meeting, a fearful thunder storm came up. But after going to the hall and waiting a few moments, a young man came in, a stranger, though I had seen him in the streets before this, but who he was or where he came from I did not know.

"Good evening. A stormy night. Hardly think we shall have a meeting to-night."

As I sat talking with him another young man came. It was still raining, and about as dark as could be. Presently a third young man made his appearance, and then a fourth. They came one by one, and two by two, till a goodly number had gathered, all young men, and not a professing Christian among them.

"We'll have our meeting," I said. "Shall we be able to sing? I'll read a hymn, and we'll do the best we can. If any one can start, please do so."

We all looked at each other, all arose together, and all started together. We were all choristers that night. We all sang in the same manner, three times, as if we had our usual choir, instrument and regular congregation; and I tried to preach as if there had been a hundred, instead of a baker's dozen. When the service was about half through, the rain beat in at the window so that there were two streams of water running across the floor, and at the close of the meeting I had to borrow a pair of rubber boots to trudge through the mud to my stopping place.

But the results of the meeting were good. One young

man said, "I'm going to quit drinking," and for more than six months was a constant attendant at church, when there was a service. But better, still. The first young man who came that night waited at the close of the service, and said, "I've been thinking, some time, that I ought to lead a different life, and I'm now determined to try. I want to be a Christian. I was brought up a Methodist, but I wish to unite with the Congregational church. What steps shall I take?" I told him what to do. At the next communion he united, was baptized, and became an active member and a teacher in the Sabbath school. And when his wife came a few weeks afterwards, she too united, and they brought their little boy and put upon him the seal of the covenant of God who said, "If ye be Christ's then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise."

This young man afterwards became Hon. Joseph Mason, and while in the legislature acted an honorable part, one of the shrewd politicians saying, "I can do nothing with Mason. He's a man who can't be bought or bullied. He always does just what he thinks to be right, irrespective of fear or favor."

About two years after this, he was drowned in the Missouri river, being caught in an eddy and unable to extricate himself. His body was never found, and when I heard that God had called him from the little Vermillion band to the innumerable company of the redeemed in His immediate presence, how quickly I thought of the time when I first came to know him on that memorable occasion in the hall.

Some time after this, my attention was called to a stranger, and it was whispered that he used to be a member of a church in the East, and yet he never came to meeting. I called to

see him. Yes, he was a member of a city church in Iowa, and had been superintendent of a Sabbath school. He had a brother who was a Congregational minister, as was his wife's father. "I'm coming to church," he said; "expected to have been there before this." But still he did not come. While I wondered and mused, the fire burned. God spake to me. I felt sure that I understood it all. The reason he kept from church was, that he hadn't suitable clothing, and the next time I went down, I took a second-hand suit—a full rig—which had been sent in a missionary box, and as I was crossing the street, whom should I meet but this very man.

"Is it because you haven't suitable clothing that you don't attend church," I asked.

"That's it, exactly," he said. "It took about all I had to get here and I have been unfortunate in my business, and one thing and another have hindered me."

"Will you accept of these," I replied, as I handed out the bundle which I felt sure the Lord had led kind Eastern friends to send, that I might deliver them to this very man for whom the Lord intended them. He carried them into the house, threw them into the lap of his wife, and as she opened the bundle she exclaimed, "Where did they come from?"

On being told, she said, "Now I know that God hears prayer, for I have been praying for this very thing since last Monday night. God has heard, and this is the answer." She was not a professor of religion at that time, but she soon united with the church, her husband brought his letter, her daughter came by profession, and they were constant attendants at God's house from that time onward.

Being summoned to sit on the grand jury, with the clergy-

man's privilege of serving or not, I concluded to serve, and among other cases brought before the jury were two, charging certain Sioux Indians with the murder of some Poncas. When the red skins appeared in court, they were decked out in full Indian costume, with painted faces, with feathers in their hair signifying how many foes they had slain in battle, with their hands and arms variously striped, with their breasts tattooed; with wristlets, ear and finger rings on; with buckskin moccasins, tunics and pants curiously embroidered with beads, set off with ample fringe; with carved pipe, of red stone, bearing the device of a snake's head, or some such creature; with bow and quiver of arrows, and the invariable tomahawk of bright steel, and helve inlaid with silver. Their stories were given by an interpreter, sworn, as they all were, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A verdict for murder was the least that the evidence would admit, and yet by some pettifogging among the lawyers, they were set at liberty, and the next day were seen about the streets, ready, perhaps, to join some Sitting Bull, or scalp some victim, or send one of those very arrows or that very tomahawk to the heart or the brain of some other Ponca.

One of the meetings of the General Association of the churches was held thirty miles above Yankton, at the Santee Agency, on the Nebraska side, giving an opportunity of seeing the effects of the Gospel upon the Indian, under the efficient superintendency of the missionary in charge.

A comfortable house of worship was found, a church with a membership of over a hundred persons, and a large congregation on the Sabbath.

The preacher, Artemas Ehenemani, formerly renowned as

a most famous hunter in all that region, was an Indian, tall and straight, and by the earnestness with which he spoke, he evidently sent the arrow of divine truth to the heart of his hearers with as certain aim as he once pierced the heart of the elk or the antelope with the missile that went quivering from his bow. The young man Eli Abraham, who played the organ with more skill than many an organist of a Yankee church a hundred years old could boast, was an Indian. The hundreds of men and women who stood up to sing with such earnestness and devotion were Indians.

The man who responded to the call of the preacher, in a most fervent prayer at the close of the sermon, was an Indian.

Those parents who walked up the aisle, and presented to God their little child in the ordinance of baptism, were Indians.

Just above the church a little way stood the Dakota Home, where the young men were taught in the various departments of a higher civilization, under the faithful oversight of the missionaries. Since then important changes have been made at the station. Additional helpers have been secured, a boys' school, with a large and commodious house, has been built, connected with which are departments for instructing the boys in different useful handicrafts.

While going up the Missouri river to organize a church in a town that had grown up, mushroom-like, attention was called at one point to eight or ten Indian chiefs, who were waiting for a boat to come along and take them on their way to Washington, to arrange with reference to the right of way for railroads through their land to the Black Hills. There

were the great Spotted Tail, and Red Cloud, and Standing Bear, and Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, and several others with equally poetic names.

They were dressed up in great style, with beads, paint, feathers, and all the fixings, and were armed with tomahawks, bows and arrows, and two or three of them had some of the more civilized weapons of warfare—the revolver and bowie knife. They seemed glad of the excuse to go to Washington to see the “Great Father,” as they called the President. While they were said to be in favor of granting the right of way to the Hills, they expected, of course, pretty good pay; but then Uncle Sam would look out that they didn’t cheat him very badly.

One of the missionaries was telling, about this time, that he was overtaken by an Indian who was going to a certain point, and as he was on foot and the Indian had a team, he rode with him. After camping for dinner and eating their lunch, as they were taking their nooning the noble red man said to the missionary, “Now talk to me; tell me about Jesus.”

So, having discoursed to his supposed meek and humble pupil for some time, the man finally burst out, “Well, where did Cain get his wife, any how?” the same old question and others like it, that white skeptics and cavilers are so ready to use, showing that depravity in the blood of the red man is like that in the white. The same Gospel is needed for both, and is wonderfully adapted to every class of sinners.

All along up the river for hundreds of miles mission stations had been established, and great changes produced in the habits of these children of the forest. The ordinary

tepee had been changed for the comfortable, snug log house. The white man's dress had been adopted largely. The blanket, feathers and paint had been discarded. The long locks had been shorn, and indications of civilization everywhere abounded.

And are we told that the red man cannot be Christianized and saved as well as any people who for long ages have been left in similar degradation, when such are the effects of the Gospel upon the savage Sioux, one of the most warlike of the tribes?

While riding over the prairie one cold winter day, my face, fingers and toes were nipped by the frost, though I worked like a hero clapping and stamping and whipping about my arms to prevent the cruel intruder.

The same enemy afterwards assailed one of my feet, and I was under the care of the doctor for a month, spent several sleepless nights, applied to the unfortunate member over a hundred poultices, and submitted to three incisions from the lancet. Beginning to mend, I hobbled about with a crutch, after a little advanced to a cane, and when able to dispense with both wore a laced boot for a time, and limped about for more than six weeks. To make good the proverb that calamities never come singly, about this time, as I got up in the middle of the night to close the window against the rain, mistaking the hall door through which I supposed I was passing, down I went, rolling like a log to the bottom of a long flight of stairs, and fearfully bruising and straining the physical man, so that limping and halting for several weeks were very marked; and after more than a decade the pain still remains as a reminder of that sad ride and ridiculous tumble.

In some of the stage rides that had to be taken, I was often out nearly all night, when the going was bad and the roads were breaking up in the spring. On several occasions, at the time of deep water, the passengers had to take a boat for a mile or so, while the horses would haul the coach through to a higher point, and we would change back to the coach again. It was almost equal to going on foot and carrying a rail with which to pry out the mud-bound vehicle. But such happenings, though quite common, were borne as meekly as possible.

In crossing a broad prairie on one trip, and losing my way, after wandering about for several hours, at length a magnificent building seemed to loom up in the distance. It looked like a farm house, and I made for it with all possible haste. But on reaching the stately mansion, it had dwindled down to a little cluster of tall weeds and grass, no larger than a good-sized rose bush in many a village garden. There is something about the atmosphere of the prairie that wonderfully magnifies objects at a distance, and as one approaches what seems to be a towering castle, he finds nothing, perhaps, but a little, low sod house—the grand palace proving to be but a clump of sunflowers or a little bunch of blue joint, and the grove that looked like the cedars of Lebanon, to be a little cluster of trees about the size of ordinary bean poles, giving new but provoking significance to the term, "Distance lends enchantment." After wandering about like a sailor upon the great deep, the road was fortunately found, and late in the evening the place of destination was reached.

On one occasion my hat went sailing away under a breath from the master of the caves, and came down I know not

when or where. The dim light of the moon rendered the scene less laughable than one that occurred a little later: as our tin pail went scudding over the prairie like a thing of life. As some one had stepped out of the door for water, the wind took it and away it went, when two young men started for it on the full run. Watching from the window, we could see it bounding up over some little hillock, now in sight, now out of sight, now in sight again, and so on, for half a mile or more, going with the speed of a race horse, till finally it disappeared from view altogether. The pursuers made good time, but the pail eclipsed them two to one; and after a vigorous chase they owned up beaten, and returned to the house, while the pail took refuge against a wire fence, where it was subsequently found, pretty well battered up, but still capable of several races like this, if furnished with the same propelling power.

CHAPTER III.

The Angel of the Lord—Blizzards—Keeping Cool—Funeral Notice—
Taken for a Stage Driver—Caught in the Dark—Lost on the Prairie
—In the Old Barracks—Receiving New Members—Last Town West-
ward—Sioux Indians—Church Gathered—Tin Horn—Destroyer—
Up the Vermillion.

Passing over an obscure road, in the fall of the year, just at twilight, four men on horseback suddenly surprised me.

They were drawn up a few rods from the road, as if ready for an encounter, and as soon as I had passed they started towards me with a regular dash. Getting abreast of my team, they gave me a sharp look, and then suddenly darted off at right angles on to the prairie several rods distant, when they turned squarely about, and walked their horses deliberately back to the place where I first saw them. It was a strange movement, but if they intended plunder, the angel of the Lord certainly prevented them. Perhaps he suggested that there was not enough connected with my rig to render it worth while. At all events, I escaped with the feeling, "The Lord interposed."

After this, while returning from an appointment on the line of the railroad, I was blocked up by the snow, in the latter part of April. It was a second-class blizzard, let down into the lap of spring. As good fortune would have it, the train chanced to stop near a claim shanty, which, for a still greater wonder, was supplied with an abundance of eggs and other edibles, from the comparatively newly-opened farm.

Most of the men were able to reach the house, and after replenishing themselves with the necessities of life they returned to the car, carrying supplies to the ladies, and we soon settled down for the night. The wind blew with intense fury, and the snow filled the air and drifted in before the iron horse in huge heaps and with defiant aspect.

In the morning, the god of the caves seemed to let out his forces with still more fury, and again we besieged the little farm house in quest of breakfast. About ten o'clock, as there seemed to be no abatement of the storm, I determined to start on foot, being anxious to see home. Unable to persuade any one to accompany me, I went alone. After going about a mile I overtook the train of the previous day, which had spent two nights in its present snow-bound position.

Passing in at the rear door and going through the car, I again tried to find some one to go with me, but no one would venture. They were all anxious to get home, and several were almost persuaded to go, but their hearts failed them. Had I known as much of Dakota storms as I afterwards learned, I should hardly have run the risk. As it was, I pushed forward, and reached Yankton about two o'clock in the afternoon. Here I found General Custer's cavalry camp, stationed just outside of the city, on their reconnoitering tour to the Black Hills, broken up by the severity of the storm, and driven into the houses.

On the crusted snow, now reaching nearly to the tops of the fences, I took a bee line as nearly as possible for my house, two miles distant. Reaching home about the middle of the afternoon, everything was found to be all right, though the hen house, pig pen, cow stable and wood pile

were completely covered up by the snow, and a huge pile, ten feet high and more than fifty feet in length, greeted me at the front door.

The fierce rays of old Sol for many a day to come, and considerable hard work with the shovel, only sufficed to make passable entrance ways to bovine and rookery departments, to say nothing of the pile of green cottonwood, which had to be dug out, stick by stick, and was not particularly helped in its igneous tendencies after such a binding up in icy fetters.

The cars did not reach Yankton till the next day, one train being two, and the other three days, in making a distance of thirteen miles.

While on my way to a regular appointment some time after this, in the summer, I stopped to attend a Sabbath school at a rural place, and give the children a little talk. When the superintendent came, he was dressed in as nearly the primitive style as propriety would allow—barefooted, and without coat, vest or collar, for it was a hot day, and difficult to keep cool, whatever the precautions.

At another time, having been called to attend a funeral, as it was known that I needed to return the same day, the following invitation was sent out through the town:

"Yourself and family are invited to attend the funeral of ———, at the ——— church, at two o'clock *sharp*."

A decided smack of the frontier, but well intended.

Stopping to water my horse one rather cool day, being rigged up in my buffalo overcoat, and not having very much of a ministerial look just at that time, a man drove up, and said:

"Is this the stage? Are you the stage driver?"

"No, I don't have the honor of representing that pro-

fession; it's an honorable calling, when honorably followed, though I don't belong to it."

It was not surprising, however, that I should have been taken for a stage driver, and if the man had called me a Kamtchatkan, from the north pole, it would not have come much amiss of the mark, so far as my looks were concerned.

On another evening, when returning from one of those weekly hundred-mile trips, the sky suddenly darkened, and in a few moments it was like blackest night. Getting out to feel my way, not satisfied as to whether I was in the road or not, and judging from appearances that my team was lost also, I finally stopped, unharnessed my ponies, tied them to the wheels of the wagon, pulled out my buffalo robe, and making a pillow of my satchel, laid down to sleep and wait for morning. As the day broke and I awoke, lo and behold, I was about a rod from the road, and a minute's ride from my own house!

While on my way after this to Sioux Falls—the Niagara of that part of the country—having planned to take Canton on the way, and being accompanied for a rarity by two ladies and gentlemen, while crossing over the prairie to shorten the distance a little, we all got lost, and were like castaway mariners, at sea without chart or compass. Not a house or tree or anything to guide us was in sight. We went, and went, and went, in hope of soon reaching the road, but no indications of a road appeared. It was finally thought best to follow our tracks back, and spend another night and the Sabbath where we spent the night before, the ladies sleeping in a small house and the men in a stable with the horses. Having turned about to go, we saw at the farthest visible point a team. The counsel then was to let two of the men get

out and hold the track and the ladies and myself make for the team, and if we got any information to return for them, but if we did not, to return and pursue the first plan. And away we went at full speed for about five miles, gained on the team a little, and still pressed forward.

When within motioning distance, I got up on the seat, pulled off my hat and beckoned them to stop; but they stood up, pulled off their hats and beckoned back in the same way, keeping on their course as before. At length we got near enough to be seen beckoning with the hand, but they did not slack their pace in the least. Still we gained on them, till we got near enough to be understood, and on learning that we were lost and wanted to inquire the way, they burst out laughing, and said they supposed their pursuers were officers from the city in search of parties hunting stray Texan cattle owned by men in other parts of the country, so claimed, but by the hunters said to belong to nobody in particular; and as that was their business they had answered us as they did.

Hurrying back after the men left behind, and then retracing the way with all due haste, we reached Canton about ten o'clock in the evening, and had our meeting the next morning, according to the appointment.

In the afternoon we drove to Sioux Falls, forded the river just at night, going into the water pretty well up to the buggy box, and called on Dr. Phillips to see about the meeting for the evening, notice of which had been sent ahead a few days before. But the notice failed to reach them, and no meeting was expected.

"Still," said the doctor, "I guess we can give pretty general notice now."

And dispatching a boy or two and starting himself, soon every house was informed; and in less than an hour a good congregation was gathered in one of the buildings formerly used as barracks for the soldiers, kept there to look after the Indians, a few years before.

At that time there were only two professing Christians in the place, one a Congregational and the other a Methodist lady. Soon after this all the churches were duly represented, trying as best they could to hold the place, destined at no distant day to be a large and prosperous city.

A few months following this trip up the Big Sioux Valley, it was my privilege to receive to the same church and the Lord's supper ten new members, while they had no minister, but were keeping up reading meetings and maintaining prayer circles among themselves. After a while the Lord sent them a man, and they built a church and paid for it without asking aid from the church building society. Still later, and I had the pleasure of helping them in a revival of religion.

But previous to this a church was organized at the last town westward. The first sermon was in the first house that was built, then a house used for a United States land office. Hardly another house was in sight, and where the people were coming from the preacher did not know, but they soon began to pour in from the little claim shanties, coming on foot and on horseback, and with their ox teams, till a good congregation was gathered, and the house was christened with a sermon instead of a ball, as they had at first planned. The ground was fairly pre-empted, and rightfully belonged to the occupants.

While on my way to this field, as I overtook a company of Indians, with their ponies and wagon, one of them rigged up in full military suit, with epaulets and cap, and coat with brass buttons, and boots with steel spurs, all doubtless obtained from some fort above; and another one, the driver, looking as if he had just come from the wilds of Indian retreat, with his bare arms and legs and head, a tall feather in his massy matted hair, signifying that he had killed his foe and was now a real brave, two or three knives in the belt about the waist, a large horse pistol dangling at his side, it did look a little pioneer like.

The next Sabbath, however, the church was gathered together, and a project for building a house of worship started at once, and nearly a thousand dollars subscribed in less than twenty-four hours—the recent Governor of the Territory pledging a hundred dollars and offering a good lot. The following Sabbath a choir was organized, an organ borrowed, and a better place than the vest-pocket-like school house secured for our services, and we were very hopeful. The tin man made a large tin horn, which was used in lieu of a bell, for calling together the tribes of our Israel up to the Lord's house on God's day. It was difficult to keep down the risibles the next Sabbath morning, when the choir all unwittingly sung, as their own selection, the hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!"

The ground was fairly broken, and foundation stones were drawn for the contemplated church, when, fearful to tell, the sun was darkened by the destroying armies of grasshoppers, as they came in countless battalions, pouring through the land like a mighty tide of death, and eating up every green thing. Large, beautiful fields of wheat and luxurious corn were

quickly destroyed, the field of carnage being a thousand miles square. Of course the church building was at an end for the time being, and the main question of the people was, "How shall we get enough to eat and clothe ourselves till another harvest shall be gathered?"

Thirty miles up the Vermillion Valley, where a young man wishing to go into the stock business had penetrated, with the thought that he would have free range for forty years at least, I was called to help organize a church within a year after he took his claim there, two hundred buildings being in sight where only one existed when he went there.

Soon after this, fifteen and thirty miles below, other churches were organized. Owing to a lack of laborers for these broad fields, and other adverse influences for the time, the first church started had pretty well run down, there being but one resident member left; but not wishing to give up here, the friends were called together, and in less than a year the church with one member had grown to thirty, with a pleasant hired chapel, a good organ, a flourishing Sabbath school, a live prayer meeting, and a congregation that would compare favorably with the average congregations of fifty times the age in the Eastern States. Numerous scripture mottoes, in varied well-cut letters from moss-green paper, were made to break the monotony of the walls and act as a perpetual preacher of the word.

"Bring an offering and come into His courts."

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

CHAPTER IV.

Home Missionary Campaign—Cordial Welcome—Going West—"How Large a Town is Dakota?"—Commendable Interest—What's a Dug-out?—A Dialogue—Noble Example—Old Faneuil Hall—Centennial Exhibition—Montana Man—The Capitol Building—Other Visits—Moody and Sankey—Theological War Horse.

In answer to a call from headquarters, in company with the ever efficient superintendent of our work, Rev. Franklin B. Doe, then in Wisconsin, now of Missouri, a three months' experimental home missionary campaign was made through the Old Bay State, and in church, college, seminary chapel, at prayer circles, conferences, Sabbath school gatherings, missionary and inquiry meetings, many addresses were made. The effort was so satisfactory that similar endeavors, by different persons, have been made nearly every year since.

A hearty response was everywhere given us. Venerable men in the ministry, with silvery locks and radiant faces, as if they were living on the mount, and young men, full of hope and ardor, practically said: "You're welcome; glad to see you; glad to hear a living missionary from one of the outposts of the great home field."

"Your account of those regions reminds me of a story told by my father when he lived in Maine, years ago," said a professor of Williams College, while we were passing out of the chapel, where the students had gathered for a little missionary meeting. "One of the enterprising young men of the neighborhood was going West—going to the frontier

town of Lowell, Massachusetts. It elicited much interest among his friends. It furnished conversation for a good while, and not a little fear was expressed for his safety because of hostile tribes, so far out on the borders of civilization. It was an incident like many which afterwards furnished such thrilling accounts of the early settlement of western New York, when the pioneer had to cut his way through the thick forest to reach with a team the site of his homestead, so remote from friends left behind, that he never expected to see them again till he should meet them in Immanuel's country. It seemed to them a great way off, as it afterwards seemed to some of their children when Ohio was the terminus of emigration, and Illinois, and Iowa, and Wisconsin, and Michigan, were all a howling wilderness, fit only for the prowling savage, as he hunted the bear and buffalo in those trackless wastes."

"Are you just from the West?" inquired one man, to whom I was introduced as hailing from Dakota.

"A few weeks since."

"Well, how are times out there?"

"About the same as here."

"How long have you lived in the West?"

"Between eight and nine years."

"Did I understand that you are from Dakota?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see. How large a town is Dakota?"

"How large? About three times as large as all New England; nineteen times as large as Massachusetts; nearly equal to New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware combined; large enough, sir, to make more than half a million

farms of 160 acres each; large enough to hold all the people in the United States, and still be no more thickly populated than England and Wales are; large enough to put a belt around the world six miles wide."

"Well, well, well," was the exclamation; "really, what a big country this is!"

But others had more correct ideas of our domain, and the grandeur of the missionary work.

"Were it not for these gray locks and feeble steps, we'd be with you," responded several aged men.

"Insure a support, and we'd go in a moment," said several young men.

"Times are dull; no dividends this year; but we've kept up our benevolent contributions as heretofore; wish the times were better, that we might do more; it's a glorious work," and the like, were the greetings of numerous business men.

The question was sometimes asked, "What's a dugout, or a sod house?" The former as known by all Westerners is an excavation in some bank of earth or hillside, with a rough window or door in front, the stovepipe sticking out through a hole in the top; and the latter as walls of sod, thatched over with grass or covered with dirt, often the only castle of the early settler, and occasionally the best habitation that the missionary can get, as he begins to lay the foundations of the Lord's house.

Said an aged veteran, a man of large wealth and learning, at the close of an enthusiastic meeting one day:

"The home missionary work, my dear sir, is indeed the grandest work of the century, and a work especially dele-

gated to this nation, if, as we all believe, we are to be the chief agent in lifting up degraded humanity at home and abroad. But," he continued, "are there not too many churches in the new towns of the West—often half a dozen, where there should be but one?"

"It's a sad fact, and a great hindrance to the missionary cause—worse, perhaps, than infidelity, intemperance, and the whole brood of evils that generally prevail in new towns."

"But is there no remedy for all this?"

"Well, I have my views about it. What do you say?"

"I say, that wise counsel, and a true Christian spirit among the leaders, could devise some plan of comity which would concentrate the moral power of frontier communities, bring Christians of six or seven denominations to work together for the time being in harmony, save money and men, prevent jealousy and undue rivalry and division, give character to the church, and a better support to the ministry, promote Christian liberality and union, which would commend the Gospel to the world, whereas it now is often quite otherwise. It's time that a Daniel should come to judgment on this subject."

"Amen, and amen, to all this," I replied, expressing a belief that "a vote from the Christian people of new Western settlements would give nine ballots in favor of such a plan, to one against it. The church, as a whole, is waiting for it."

"Then, surely," he continued, "the attempt should be made. But, as the home work is the foundation of the foreign, what do you say to combining the two?" he asked.

"They are essentially one, and go together naturally," I replied.

"That's it," he responded, "and hence my motto is, 'Consolidate; make the work in all departments one work, as much as possible; have but one board, one treasury; one organ, which shall rival the most popular magazines of the day, by its general attractiveness, editorial ability and illustrated department, the latter now a necessity almost, but especially desirable in the work of missions; interest, by some systematic plan of benevolence, the whole membership in the one grand work; let it be published a year in advance how much of the Lord's money is needed for the year to come, and then divide the amount raised between the different objects of support—education, church building, the Christian college, work for the Indian, the Frenchman, the African, the Chinaman, the Mexican, the Mormon, the Spaniard, the Turk, and so on, in proportion to the importance of each, with the understanding that every member of the church should pay his proportion, according to some equitable plan of assessment, and a great deal more money, and easier raised, would flow into the Lord's treasury, while the interest in missions would be wonderfully increased, and the work greatly enlarged."

"Yes, I believe it; you've spoken my mind exactly. I think it could be done, and that God's people, as a whole, are waiting for the leaders to systematize a plan somewhat as you have suggested."

But be this as it may, it was cheering to meet men thus interested in the missionary work, and especially cheering to meet business men so ready to stop and talk on the subject—men whose giving was a pleasure, not merely a duty; a luxury, not simply an obligation.

It was no less cheering to hear this and that pastor say of one and another member: "That man is always giving, and the more he gives, the more he seems to have."

"That one, who always wears the same cheerful look, has educated several young men and started them in life."

"That one, who came around to speak to you, though engaged in extensive business, keeps the Bible in his counting house, and practically says, 'It all belongs to the Lord.'"

There were many such, who will wear bright crowns in the day when the jewels are made up.


It was a rare treat to be at the great feast, the closing day of anniversary week, under the auspices of the Congregational Club. Old Faneuil Hall was the place of meeting. Six or seven hundred choice spirits were present, as members of the organization or invited guests. Culture, reason, wit, music, eloquence and sanctified mirth reigned supreme. The repast was tastefully arranged, and, crowned with some of the choicest flowers, was sumptuous.

If the "cradle of liberty" ever witnessed a more important gathering, few certainly ever met within her time-honored walls with a grander purpose, or with more buoyant hearts. Thoughts of the day came trooping up, when the trumpet peal shall call the *elite* of the universe to that feast where all the treasures of heaven shall beautify the banquet, and every soul swell with supreme delight, and the King all glorious be master of ceremonies.

Making a visit to the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, while returning homeward, the natural exclamation was: Grand, superb, splendid! But a good many superlatives piled upon these fail to reach the whole truth.

Words are inadequate. The eye through which the soul of man looks out can only tell it. The magnificent grounds of Fairmount Park; the extensive buildings, made up of thousands of feet of glass, and more than a million feet of tin roofing; the wonderful products of the continent; the most useful discoveries and inventions of the century; the finest and costliest fabrics of the world; the choicest specimens of the different nations there represented; the minerals, the sculpture, the painting—in short, the best that the nations great in age could bring, the accumulated representative force gathered up and concentrated, the different subjects of the globe, not excepting India and Egypt, all had their lessons of interest and value, as given in this “world school,” opened to its pupils but once in a lifetime.

Though making but a brief stay at this wonderful exhibition, it gave me an opportunity to pass through every department; to go up onto the roof of the main building; to go down into a monitor; to put my head into the big cannon, large enough to admit my body; to sit down to rest on one of the mammoth shells, that had locked up within its encasements such elements of destruction and death; to take a circuit about the grounds on the narrow-gauge railroad; to dine at one of the famous restaurants; to return to the main building; to look, and admire, and wonder, and feel almost bewildered by the bright-flashing diamonds, the glittering vases, the hanging chandeliers, the curious workmanship of all descriptions and endless variety, the works of genius from the most cultured nations of the globe, and the peculiar displays of countries but half civilized, and lands to which we send the Bible and missionary.



But language is too feeble to show it. One must see it to know it.

Leaving this great show, as Washington was reached, and the capitol buildings were approached, a young man slowly walking along was overtaken, whose greeting was:

"I suppose that's the capitol building; never was here before, and all is new to me."

"That's my case," was the reply.

"Are you a Western man?" he asked.

"Yes, from Dakota."

"Oh, well, then we're neighbors; I'm from Montana," he said.

Our homes were only about a thousand miles apart, but as we represented different portions of the West, it seemed at first thought that we were neighbors, and we passed on towards the stately pile of marble overlooking the capital city and its memorable surroundings. We took off our hats and drew a long breath as we reached this great focus of the nation's legislative power, the gathering place of ambassadors from foreign courts, and hosts of visitors from nearly all parts of the world.

Passing through the grand corridors and spacious halls, we climbed to the very top of the magnificent dome, and as we saw Mount Vernon in the distance, and the turbid waters of the Potomac, winding its way along as in the early days of the republic, we seemed to hear the echo of war times: "All quiet on the Potomac!"

Retracing our steps to the base of this little American pyramid, we went forth to visit other portions of our property as citizens of the great body politic, and pay our respects

to our numerous servants in the White House, Treasury Department, Smithsonian Institute, Patent Office, Senate and House of Representatives. The foreman of all these forces received us with all due respect and dignity becoming his office; but when we looked in on Congress, we were inclined to think it might be easier for our chief officer to manage armies of soldiers than these dignified, clapping, seething crowds of men. To say the least, we were not very favorably impressed with the disorder that prevailed, as the repeated calls of the men of the gavel implied that they were not favorably impressed on their part, and yet, considering their work, they were doing as well, perhaps, as could be expected, on the whole.

Under the dispensation of the millenium, it will be somewhat different.

Having the good fortune while on this trip to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the question naturally arose, "Why shouldn't they succeed?" They are humble, sincere, enthusiastic, of good ability, good address, sprightly in speech and song, physically strong, quick to discern the best things, practical, untrammelled, aided by men of culture, learning and piety, and supported by the united moral force of the whole community.

There is wonderful power in good generalship, combined Christian action, individual responsibility and humble dependence on God.

But would other men succeed under similar circumstances? Why not, when the forces for successful moral and religious work are all available, if the conditions are met.

While listening on several occasions to Joseph Cook, who

was exciting such interest in Boston and vicinity at that time, the feeling was, "He's a regular theological war horse, fierce for the fray and bold in battle."

Decrees, election, sovereignty, atonement, man's constant need of help as a sinful being, Christ only meeting this need, miracle, prophecy, promise and warning, as revealed in God's Word, he represented as more scientific than science itself, separated from the supernatural and divine. He seemed to shiver to pieces with one fell stroke the false philosophies, and infidel theories, and atheistic schemes of men whose boasted science proves to be but science defective in the absence of that important, but in their plans scouted factor, the divine as revealed in scripture.

CHAPTER V.

Renewing the Buggy—Perils of Waters—Bloody Raiders—Results of the Trip—Just the Religion—Want the Gospel—Kind Hospitality—Perils of Mud—Diamonds—Specimens—Insane Man—Oaks from Acorns—The Lord's House—Revival—The Hopeless Case—Showing his Colors—Aged Convert—Honor from the Lord—Live Prayer Meeting—Enlarging the Church—Home Heathen—"A What!" He Answered—An Atheist's Death—Fatal Plunge—Belle of the Town—Healer of Division.

My missionary buggy had journeyed, in all, equal to a circuit around the globe, and began to show signs of a general collapse, when help was asked from some of the churches addressed in Massachusetts, and a very cordial response was given, so that the "missionary chariot," as one said, continued to roll on. The contributors, should their eyes ever fall on these lines, may know that their offerings resulted in good missionary work, the full influence of which will only be known as it may be revealed to them in the great hereafter.

On one trip in the fall of the year, the low lands were flooded by the rains, and for miles nearly every step was up to the horses' girths. At length the Vermillion river was reached, and the bridge was gone. Under ordinary circumstances there would be no difficulty in fording the stream. It was now a little doubtful. For a moment my team hesitated, then in they plunged. Deeper and deeper they went at every step, till the waters came over their backs. For a few feet they seemed almost to swim, when suddenly they began to rise up, and soon the opposite bank was reached. They were

fairly over, and I drew a long breath of relief and sincere thankfulness.

The next day Turkey creek lay across our pathway. There, too, the bridge had been swept away. The embankments only were left, and how to get over was a more difficult problem than that of the day before. Following the stream down a little, an old fording place was found, but both banks were steep and the water was very high.

Being exceedingly anxious to cross, and perhaps a little venturesome under the circumstances, the word was given, and my team went bravely in, pulling the vehicle behind them, till the water left only their heads in sight. Again they appeared to swim for a short distance, when suddenly they began to ascend the sharp peak that took them up and out of the watery cavern, and they were on *terra firma* once more, giving renewed joy at this safety over the swollen stream.

After this I had a severe contest with the flies and mosquitoes. The former stood around my tea cup at the evening repast like so many crows around a carcass, and in spite of my most earnest endeavors to the contrary *would* tumble and plunge into the tea, while others in swarming numbers contested every mouthful of food taken. Thus the battle went on most vigorously for about ten minutes. The result was a hasty retreat, as gallantly made as possible, on my part, while the flies took possession of the battle field, reveling in high carnival.

Retiring for the night, the trumpet blasts of a most formidable host of mosquitoes were heard, and very soon the savages were felt, too, as they jabbed their spears most un-

mercifully into my head through the thin sheet, which was my only defense against their attacks. The night was pretty well consumed in boxing and slapping, but whether a single enemy fell in the encounter is very doubtful, though there is no doubt whatever about my face being pretty well scarred up by the villians, and my ears receiving some very vigorous cuffs in my attempts to annihilate some of the bloody ruffians.

When the morning came, and the announcement was made, "Breakfast is ready," there seemed to have come from the grand army of flies a reinforcement of several million regiments, more or less, and the only escape was another hasty retreat, after a few desperate attempts to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The flies were again left in sole possession of the field, and I got out of town in tolerably good shape for the Sabbath, notwithstanding my blood-thirsty assailants.

This trip of three hundred miles resulted in the visiting and strengthening of several churches at that time without preaching, the organization of one new church, and a hearty response of those who were consulted to a systematic plan for carrying on our work more effectively.

Halting for a few moments at a new and growing village on my way up through a newly opening valley, as a group of men gathered around and heard that there was to be preaching the next Sabbath at a town a few miles below, one of them, acting as the spokesman of the crowd, remarked, with a peculiar twinkle of the eye—owing to their general estimate of the denomination noticed—

"That's the religion for this valley."

"Why so?"

"Well, it doesn't interfere with our drinking, swearing, horse racing, card playing, Sabbath-breaking habits and the like, at all; it's just the religion for this valley."

And with sarcastic look they all chimed in, confirming the remark. But they wished me to hold a meeting there, and the first speaker very cordially invited me to go to his house and spend the night, which I promised to do the first opportunity. Though confessedly wayward and erring, these men despised a mere formal religion.

On reaching the point of destination, it was found that a good school house had been built, and the members of the little church were very anxious to have regular preaching. They were poor, the grasshoppers had destroyed their crops, but they would do all they could for the support of the Gospel. One man would give the use of a good cow for a year, another would furnish flour for a family of four, and one, who was in the stock business, would give a calf in the spring and twenty-five dollars in money. As I bade them good bye at the evening Sabbath service, they were all very importunate in asking for a minister, and it seemed like a field already ripe for the harvest.

Some time after this, when on a trip to introduce a minister to a missionary church, as night came on we brought up at a farm house far out on the prairie, a rude structure, with kitchen, pantry, bed room, sitting room and parlor all in one. "Could we stay over night?" we asked the kind man who met us very smilingly at the door and followed us out to the road. Well, he would go back and ask his wife, who was not very well, and he hardly knew what to say. In a mo-

ment he returned, saying, "Drive in; we'll do the best we can for you."

Putting out our team, we went into the house, where was the good wife of the honest yeoman with three little children, the eldest three years of age and the youngest seven weeks. The three-year-old cared for the baby; now holding it in her lap, and looking like one baby holding another; now rocking it in the plain, old-fashioned rocking chair; now totting it from the chair to the bunk at the other end of the room, handling the little thing as if it were a young pup, while the mother flew around and prepared supper—dressing a chicken and cooking it, making an English cherry pie and baking it, bringing out from the oven light hot bread, made from the flour after we entered the house. All this she did in double-quick time, and we were soon eating with a hearty relish.

As the hour for sleep came on, we committed ourselves to the Lord's care for the night, when an humble couch was pointed out to us, and after a mutual putting out of the light, we retired for the night in one corner of the cabin and the family in the other corner; and if all parties were as tired as I was, they were soon lost in the realms of Morpheus, to be aroused after a little by the barking of dogs, and the howl of the coyote, and the patter of the rain on the roof, and by and by, the dripping down of water into our faces as it leaked through.

In a trip to the Brule, soon after this, perils of mud of the most vicious character were encountered, the compound being blue clay mixed with sand, grass and weeds, so that the wheels of my buggy soon became one solid mass, and abso-

lutely refused to turn. For a number of rods the team drew the wagon as a drag weight, the wheels being stationary, as if dead-locked. Seeing no relief, and fearing that something would break, I stopped, pulled off my overshoes and boots, slipped on a pair of rubber boots, and jumped out to take a look at my mud-bound vehicle.

But what could I do? Not a stick, or board, or anything of the sort, was in reach, and I felt like a soldier facing the foe with no weapons of defense save my own strong arms. Well, I thought I would try my foot, and the first assault resulted in pulling off one of my boots. And now, after a desperate stretch and a lusty tug, being just barely able to get hold of the mired boot, I pulled it out, when I took a step backward, and off came the other boot. Fishing out this in like manner, and tossing them both into the buggy, my only relief was to use my hands and feet, the latter well stockinged, and the former bare and defenseless. Clawing and kicking into the mud with all the vigor possible, I got off some of the sticky compound after a while, climbed into the buggy, changed my socks—chancing to have another pair in my satchel—backed up the team a little, in hope of rolling off a big lump of clay partly broken, when the two inside tugs of the harness unhooked, and I had to plunge into the mud again to fasten them, nearly losing my boots a second time in the operation.

Having splashed through about ten miles of partly frozen slush, and now covered over with the very quintessence of mud, I was a beautiful specimen surely. Never before did I get into such a plight. It was horrid, “perfectly awful,” as some school misses would say.

The trip resulted in the organization of a church of twenty members, in a township of five hundred people, where seven years before there was not a resident within a dozen miles of the place. The people were mostly sturdy farmers, turning out to meeting and Sabbath school a hundred strong, whenever an opportunity was given. They were good people there—real diamonds.

There are many such in home missionary fields, who need only polishing to make them shine with peculiar brightness. See that man of splendid physique, with sinews like steel and muscles like hempen cord, standing six feet in his stockings, and gracefully bearing a hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois. He looks like a king. As he rests from his farm work while the tea is waiting, or dinner is being brought on, the flute or the organ is as much under his control as the plow or the reaper which he has just left in the field. He is the life of the social circle, and not a child escapes his notice. He leads the prayer meeting in the absence of the minister, and is the soul of the Sabbath school. Were he in the populous city, he would be foremost there as well. In all justice you say, "born to rule."

That daughter of fifteen can herd and drive cattle almost equal to a Texan on his wild mustang. She can mount and ride a horse that many a man would feel was more than a match for him. See her on that little French roan, that bit and reins utterly fail to hold in check. She goes like the wind. Just twelve minutes by the watch, and she has taken a circuit of three miles, remarking as she dismounts, "It was one of the best rides that I ever had." The next moment she is at the organ, and her deep, rich voice reminds you of

some concert singer. She is a queen—the belle of the town you would say—to see her at the parish sociable. Fancy work in the drawing room, or culinary work in the kitchen, alike attest her skill. However rollicking and rough, as the city folks might say, are they not diamonds of the first water?

There are many such far out on the frontier, away on the prairie, a dozen miles from the nearest post office, where genuine lovers of nature may give full play to their emotions, so fully in harmony with the spirit that all the forces about them inspire.

While preaching the introductory sermon at a general meeting of the churches of one of the fields, as I was just getting well under way, an insane man got up to speak.

“I understand,” he said, “that this is a Democratic, Republican, Christian convention, and if it is, I have a right to speak.”

His neighbors tried to quiet him; but no, he was bound to speak.

“I have come prepared, gentlemen,” he said, as he pulled out a revolver and a dirk, and threatened violence to any one who interfered with him.

It was a strange interruption. The meeting was broken up, and after a little we gathered in a hall near by, and went on with the services. The crazy chap and a little cluster of men remained, and he spoke to his heart's content.

The whole number in sympathy with the work in this field, counting all of every household, was just forty-three, and a pretty good sprinkling of them were babies, but remembering that oaks come from acorns, we concluded to go ahead. We had our meetings at first, for want of a better

place, over a wholesale liquor store. Though the sanctuary was not very desirable, it was this or nothing. So we organized the church, and held our Sabbath school and prayer meeting there till the beginning of another year.

Then the young men, about six in all, just starting in business, said: "We must have a house of worship. If necessary, we will give all we can earn for a year over our living, but a house for the Lord we must have."

It is hardly necessary to say that, with such a disposition, the church was built and paid for. The pews were nearly all taken at once, and the congregation was very much increased.

At the close of a Sabbath evening service, I ventured to ask any who desired the prayers of Christians to signify it. To the surprise of every one, a young lady, among the last to be expected, arose. A revival followed, resulting in the conversion of about sixty persons. A goodly number united with the church.

Among other interesting cases, was that of a young lawyer, who had squandered quite a fortune by his reckless life, and who was so indifferent to everything good, that he was generally regarded as a hopeless case. As he met me one day, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, he took his seat near me, and almost immediately introduced the subject of religion, saying that he had been thinking very seriously of late about trying to lead a different life. He requested me to call and see him at his home. He soon united with the church, and remained a consistent member till he left the place.

Another young man, who had been trying to be a Uni-

versalist, became interested, and said: "It isn't right to bring up children as we are doing, without any family religion, and now I'm going to talk with my wife about it this evening." So when the children had retired for the night, he mentioned the subject, with much fear and trembling. To his surprise and joy, he found that she had been feeling very much as he had. The next morning the family altar was set up. And now he asked, "Shall I unite with the church? No; I can lead a Christian life without." But the next time he opened the Bible his eyes fell on the passage: "Who-soever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of the Father with the holy angels." "Ah," he said, "I've got to show my colors." He did so; his wife came also, and they brought their four children, and gave them to the Lord in baptism.

Another interesting case was that of a man eighty years of age, who felt that before joining the church in heaven, he would like to join on earth. He had expected to be at the meeting for the examination of candidates, but was hindered by feeble health that day. So just as the Sabbath afternoon services were commencing, he came to the church with staff in hand, and called me to one side, and with tears in his eyes, said: "I want to unite with the rest of them. Can I do so at this late hour?"

"Certainly, certainly; we shall be happy to have you."

He gave his experience before the congregation, and was received.

It was an affecting sight: an old man, with his locks as white as snow, yet a little child in Christian faith and hope.

He stood up with the children, and young men, and maidens, whose hearts had alike been touched with the finger of God's love, and publicly professed Christ, who said, "I also will confess you."

In behalf of the young men who took hold of that church work with such devotion, it is but fair to say that they all succeeded in business, and were soon well to do in the world, though at the time of their endeavors to build the Lord's house, the finances of the country were in a state of great embarrassment, and many of their neighbors had to go into bankruptcy.

"Them that honor me I will honor," said God. If blessing in basket and store is one way of bestowing such honor, they surely were not forgotten.

There was one marked feature about the prayer meetings of that church—the time was all taken up. There was no delay, not so much as the reading of a hymn. They were familiar with the standard pieces usually sung in such meetings, and four or five of the brethren were able to start any one of a dozen or more hymns, when the rest would easily join them. Occasionally a new piece was learned, and the meetings were largely meetings of prayer, or praise, or invocation by means of song, interspersed with brief remarks, each brother, so far as time would allow, taking part; the women being allowed the same privilege as the men, and no one waiting for another in the different exercises.

"Do you know how many times you sung this evening?" asked a friend who was visiting at our house, on one occasion.

"I do not. Did you count?"

"Nine times," she replied; "and it was one of the most wide-awake meetings I ever attended."

The idea was, that singing was worship, and the prayer meeting is all for audible worship or conference, excepting the few moments that may be spent in united secret prayer.

After being driven in one field "from pillar to post," in search of a place for meetings, the little church at length built a house of worship. When they had got so far on their way as to see the frame up, imagine their feelings as the next morning they saw it leveled to the ground, a heap of splintered ruins. A fearful wind during the night had blown it down. The question had already been asked, "Will it be large enough?" Now, as it lay in the dust, the brethren said, "Hadn't we better make larger plans?" It was proposed to add ten feet to the length. Whoever heard of enlarging a church as soon as this? And what a fortunate circumstance that old Æolus let loose his forces that night, else the church would not for a long time have received this needed addition. As it was, a better and more commodious house was built, which was only sufficient to accommodate the stated worshipers. An installed pastor, a popular preacher, a Sabbath school of over a hundred members, and all the machinery of church organization in good running order, soon cheered the little band, who began under so many adverse influences.

In one field, a rough-looking man rapped at the door while I was at dinner one day, and inquired for the preacher. He wanted me to attend the funeral of his grandfather, eight miles out, at two o'clock of the same day.

"Rather short notice," I said; "dinner to finish, sermon to

prepare, a horse to get, two hours' journey to make before reaching the place, and all to be done in one hour."

"Was your grandfather a Christian?" I asked.

"A what?" he answered.

"Was he a Christian man?"

"Well, I rather think he was," he finally said; "he was in the Revolutionary War!"

But when I heard that the old man had died that very day, and saw that the sons did not know enough to take off their hats at the funeral, I was confirmed in my first impressions of heathen at home.

About this time there died in the same place a downright athiest, old in sin, and a grey-headed scoffer. He boasted of his infidelity, and when dying clutched his money bags and shrieked out the most horrid oaths. He was so brutal that his Christian wife had long since ceased to pray for him. All the infidels for miles about were at the funeral, expecting a shot that might call forth returns, but all personal allusions were avoided.

In another field, the community was startled by the strange death of a little boy, but six years of age. He was the young America of the town, smart and shrewd beyond his years, the friend of every drayman, and stage driver, and grocery man, and storekeeper in the place; now holding to the back end of the rattling vehicle, as it went through the streets; now up on the seat with the driver; now in the store behind the counter; now at this end of the town, and now at the other; out early in the morning and late at night; bright, cheery, and the pet of every one.

He very deliberately walked down to the mill dam one day,

and threw himself into the pond. Before he could be rescued, life was gone. The whole town mourned his loss. What could have prompted him was among the mysteries.

In one field, the people were shocked at the death of a young lady, who was beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. All the fair and aspiring ones cheerfully accorded to her the palm. Stealing from her sister's side and sleeping room at night, and noiselessly unbolting the door, she hastened to the fatal spot, and threw herself into the cold stream, her tracks in the light-fallen snow, and the well-known scarf dropped on the edge of the ice, plainly revealing the fearful tragedy. The verdict, of course, was insanity, but the future alone can answer the question, "Why must it be?"

In still another field, a young physician was taken suddenly ill with a very malignant fever, and at his request I went for Dr. ———, a special friend of his, living ten miles away.

"You're very sick," said the doctor, "and I'll come and see you once a day; but you need some one here oftener than that. There are five physicians in town, all good men; choose one, that he may run in and see you three or four times a day."

"Well," was the answer, "if that's the case, I'll choose the man across the street. I think he's a good physician, and an honest man."

The point of interest was, that the two men, owing to some professional friction, were not on intimate, hardly on speaking, terms, with each other. And when the heretofore bickering doctors met under such circumstances, there were not many dry eyes there for a while. It was a perfect healer of the division between the two neighbors, though the poor man died, and was followed in a short time by his attendant.

CHAPTER VI.

Church Building Collection—Good Investment—Truth Wins its Way—
Abusing the Tavern Keeper—New Light Obtained—Tongue Loosed
—A Stigma—Tobacco—Superintendent and Cigar—Reformer Re-
formed—Moving Sermon—Dogs at Church—The Circus—Grand
Kampeska Hotel—Grand Central—A Quarrel Settled—Storming the
Fort.

While taking up a collection for church building, the wealthiest man in the congregation, though not a professor, said:

“I’ll give as much as any other person. I have a farm located thus and so; if you’ll build a church on that, I’ll give a lot and two hundred dollars besides. It would increase the value of my property so much, that I could well afford to do it.”

At this meeting, there happened to be present a young man of some means, from an adjoining town, who, having contributed quite liberally, remarked to one of his non-church-going friends the next morning, as they stood talking together and I passed along:

“Here, young man, you were not at the meeting yesterday; you ought to take a little stock in that church-building enterprise. Come, now, hand over; it’s a good investment, I can assure you.”

“I don’t know about it,” was the answer. “I prefer to see the books first, and balance the accounts of outlay and gain, before I give.”

"You'll see the books," the other replied, "in the day of reckoning; and if you wish to see them before that time, migrate to the Fiji Islands, where you belong, if you are not willing to help build churches and support the Gospel."

During the winter, some of the young men in this field had been quite wild, giving undue attention to the gayeties of the ball room, and imbibing too freely of the intoxicating cup, to the grief of parents and friends, when I felt constrained to speak of these things from the pulpit. It made quite a buzzing for a time, but it commended itself to the consciences of the delinquents, one of them remarking as he left the house:

"It's all true, and he's an honest man in saying so. I respect him for it, and he'll get five dollars from me that he wouldn't have got if he hadn't preached it."

About this time, one of the trustees was collecting a little money on the subscription paper, when he called on one of the landlords, and said:

"Don't you want to help us to-day a little?"

"What for? To pay men for abusing tavern keepers?"

"No; but to pay our minister for preaching against intemperance, and all other evils that bring taxation, and crime, and sad hearts in their train; that's what we have a minister for. We shouldn't want him if it were not for these things."

And the man very deliberately pulled out his pocket book and handed him five dollars.

Said a young lady in this field, as she called to talk with me one day:

"I want to unite with the church."

"Do you think you are a Christian?"

"No, I cannot say that."

"Why, then, do you wish to unite with the church?"

"I think it would help me, and honor Christ."

"And still you don't think you are a Christian? How does Christ seem to you?"

"The best being in the universe."

"How do Christian people seem?"

"I like them."

"Better than other people?"

"A great deal better."

"How does the Bible seem?"

"A precious book."

"Do you read it?"

"Every day."

"Do you find comfort in reading it?"

"Very great."

"Do you attend the prayer meetings of the church generally?"

"As often as I can."

"Do you attend because you feel that you must attend, or because you like to attend?"

"Because I like to."

"And still you have no hope in Christ? Well, now suppose you are taken suddenly ill, the doctor is called, and he says you can't live; your last hour comes, and you die: how about your soul? Is it lost, or what?"

"I think Christ would save me."

"You think he would?"

"I'm sure he would."

"That's your hope, and I'm sure you wouldn't take the world for it."

"Is that it?" she said; and her face fairly shone, as new light burst in upon her.

She united with the church, and was a joyful Christian, cherishing the hope which she had, but did not recognize at first.

Here is a different case:

Miss —— was secretly hoping in Christ, and as I mistrusted this, and spoke to her about it, she confirmed my impressions.

"Don't you think, then, that you should publicly profess Christ, and unite with the church?"

"I don't know."

"Will you pray over it? Ask God to tell you. Will you do so?"

"I'll try."

After a little she said: "I think I should unite with the church, and I wish to do so."

But she expected opposition from friends, in the cruel taunt, the cutting jest, and the like. It was the cause of much unhappiness to her. But her fears were groundless. She was never treated better by those friends, and she became a joyful Christian, and by her consistent, happy life, though in a retiring way, commended to all about her the cause she so much loved.

There was one young man in this field who always attended the prayer meetings of the church, but never took part in them. He thought he couldn't do it. In his family he used a prayer book and read prayers. But by and by God sent him to a new town, and the little church where he went were in want of a deacon and a Sabbath school super-

intendent. There was no escape for him. He had to serve. In a little while he was elected mayor of the city, and was one of the most prominent men in the whole community. His mouth was opened, and after this he had no difficulty in getting up in the large meeting and telling what the Lord was doing for them in their new field.

It was very trying to a band of Christian workers that a young lawyer and his wife, who had just united with the church, should have provoked the very same week the remark in shop, and store, and street, and home, "Better dancers now than before they became Christians." Instead of going to the prayer meeting that night, they went to a wedding of former gay companions, where they danced and drank wine, and played cards as in other days. And yet they meant no harm! They thought no evil! But when told of the sneers that were banded about on every side, "We're very sorry," they said. "We'll do so no more." But what marvel if they forgot their promise, for they had all their lives long been educated to the gayeties of the card table, the theater and the wine cup. They learned, like many of us, very slowly, Paul's lesson of expediency, to abstain from things not necessarily wrong, but soiled by stigma, and hence forbidden.

In one field of large promise, the excessive use of tobacco by some of the best members of the church seemed harmful to the highest interests of society.

It became a question how to present the subject and not give undue offense. I finally concluded to announce my intentions, and excuse any who did not care to hear. If they were fairly warned, and told that they might stay away, they could not complain, surely.

The plan worked well, and they were all present, as I expected they would be. The truth stirred their consciences; they reformed, and remained for about six months, when they all went back to their old habits again. But some years after this, as I met one of the most inveterate chewers among them, he said, "I haven't touched the weed for more than two years, and I have no desire for it."

"What led you to this?"

"Well, I remembered your sermon twelve years ago, and concluded that I had better put the annual contribution of a hundred dollars or so for tobacco into the missionary box."

He had struggled with this master passion for more than a decade, before he gained the victory. What a strong foe to hold place in the heart of man!

What a thief in the pocket!

What a robber of benevolent institutions! as our missionary treasuries would flow over if all the Lord's stewards should turn the incense of the pipe into a holy offering to the Master, who wants more money to carry on His work in the world. An attempt was made to establish in the minds of some of the country's future servants a wholesome prejudice against the weed, and how surprised those youthful learners were, as they came running into the house one day, exclaiming, "We saw the superintendent of our Sabbath school smoking a cigar."

How it tarnished his fair fame, so spotless in their estimation till this moment, and how it compelled a change of tactics with reference to their future training! They had to be told that good men sometimes do foolish things. But they could not understand it, for they didn't see any sort of har-

mony between a cigar and a Sabbath school superintendent, and the good man, it is feared, never held quite so high a place in their estimation after this.

But when a former Sabbath school man, whose fame was in all the churches in that region, came to hold a Sabbath school convention in that town, he very properly took occasion, at a large union meeting Sabbath afternoon, to upbraid the young men for their card playing, theater going, wine drinking, and the like, and the next day a complaint was entered by one, that he had just seen the lion of the meeting, who so justly took to task the delinquents the day before, in the street, smoking a cigar.

"And why," he asked, "shouldn't that habit feel the sting of the reformer's lash as well?"

I told the man, and as the noble-hearted apostle said, "If eating meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth," so he declared, "No young man shall ever accuse me of the cigar again."

There are some fine points of casuistry to be considered in the training of children and youth in the practical every-day lives of their teachers.

While preaching for a brother minister, as I chanced to allude to a political riot which had just taken place in a distant part of the country, it was a little trying to have a well-dressed, lady-like-looking woman get up, and very indignantly walk out, tossing her head in disdain as she went, when another followed, and then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, and I realized that I had preached one moving sermon, to say the least.

In another field there seemed to be, from some unexplain-

able cause, an undue proportion of dogs, and on one occasion an eminent doctor of divinity from Boston spending the Sabbath in the place, and preaching for a good brother, stopped in the midst of his sermon, and asked the choir to sing one or two verses to the tune of Old Hundred, while the deacons turned the dogs out, saying, as he did so, "You have the most religious dogs here that I ever saw; they all seem to come to meeting." A yelp and a bark, as a few brethren from the amen corner administered some vigorous kicks and cuffs, and the sermon was resumed. It was a curious episode, but resulted in keeping some of the canine troublers out of the church after this. On the whole it was a good thing, the first step of an important reform in the newly-growing town, and was well-worth a trip from the modern Athens, whence the good doctor hailed.

It was known that the people had no money to spend upon the circus about to carry away from a new town two or three thousand dollars, and it seemed best to give warning from the text, "Spots they are, and blemishes."

And when the show day came, and a fire sprung up as the result of the exhibition, destroying some twenty thousand dollars' worth of property, those who were at first disposed to throw stones were now ready to say, "The preacher was right, and we'll never vote for another circus." The Lord sometimes now, as in the days of Elijah, answers prayer by fire and other terrible things in judgment.

Being anxious to visit a new town at the terminus of a railroad just beginning to carry passengers, I took one of the first regular trains, a long, heavy one, with freight in advance, and a passenger car behind. It was too much for the unset-

tled and but partially finished road, and as we were passing over a deep culvert, down we went. The engine jumped the bad place, and the passengers, fortunately escaping injury, mounted the iron horse, and dashed over the trellis-like bridges, and plunged through deep dugouts and over high embankments, till we at length reached the projected city.

We were greeted with the darkness of midnight, because of delays, and as we landed upon the ground, for the depot was yet only a thing of the future, we were doubtful as to the next step, when we saw a man with a little lantern approaching.

"This way for the Grand Kampeska Hotel," he cried out, and we were presently ushered into a rough, unfinished room, with a few plain benches for seats, and a floor which had evidently been made a grand spittoon for the squirting of tobacco juice from the filthy mouths of filthy men from the first of its occupancy.

Could a bed be obtained, or rather a coarse tick filled with prairie grass, laid in the corner of some room?

No, they were all occupied.

At length a rough, unpainted bedstead was found, and so, wrapping up in my buffalo robe, I lay down on the soft side of some pine slats, and with my valise for a pillow, luxuriated in sleep for about two hours, in the Grand Kampeska Hotel.

Two meetings were held the next day, the Sabbath, when the initiatory steps were taken for the organization of a church.

It was past one o'clock at night as we reached the projected site of another booming town, on one of the first trains over a new railroad.

"Are there any hotels in this place?" I asked a man as I left the car.

"Oh, yes; good hotels; first class."

"Which is the best one?"

"The Grand Central is the best one; a very fine house; tip top every way."

He directed me towards it, and I went in at the front door, which was wide open, stumbled over innumerable piles of lumber, shingles, lath, work benches, saw horses, and the like, till I reached a dim light in a little room adjoining the large one through which I had made my way with so much difficulty. There was no one about, and no sign of life, so far as I could see. I began to thump on the counter, and pound on the door, and hello pretty lustily, when, after a long time, the landlord made his appearance, but seemed more asleep than awake as he emerged from a side door that led to the attic of the Grand Central.

"Any chance for a belated wayfarer to get a little sleep here, landlord?" I asked.

"Don't believe there is," he said. "If you wait till morning, and some of the folks get up, perhaps you can get a chance somewhere."

But all of a sudden a bright thought seemed to strike him, and he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go into that other room and pile up some of those shavings, if you can make that do."

"Good enough, good enough, landlord," I said.

As I took his lantern, he raked up the shavings, and I had a grand sleep in the Grand Central hotel.

In one field there was a misunderstanding between two of

the members of the congregation, and they both brought their complaints to the superintendent. I tried to get them together and talk over their trouble, and, if possible, settle it. But no.

"He's the meanest man that I ever knew; I'll never speak to him again!" said the woman.

"She's the most contemptible creature that I ever met; I'll have nothing to do with her!" responded the man.

"He must get out of my house immediately, or I'll prosecute him!" continued the woman.

"I'll stay here till my year ends, if it costs me a thousand dollars!" persisted the man.

"I'll burn the house down, if he doesn't go!" retorted the woman.

"I'll not stir a step—not a step!" with a shake of the fist and a stamp of the foot, vociferated the man.

Their contentions were like the bars of a castle. There was but little hope of a reconciliation.

At length the woman consented to go with me and see the man. In less than ten minutes the difficulty was settled, and they parted, invoking the richest blessings upon each other. It was a happy ending of what threatened to be a lasting breach, and a cause of great unpleasantness in the little society.

Here is a different case, with a very different adjustment, though quite as effectual, as it proved:

The people had just finished a new school house, with fashionable desks and modern seats, all complete. It was proposed to have a meeting in the new building the next Sabbath. Two of the trustees, members of the church, gave their consent, and only one man in the whole com-

munity objected. This was the third trustee, a man who resembled one of Nasby's "Cross Roads" characters.

Falling back on the dignity of his office, he declared, with imprecations of the most violent character, that the school house shouldn't be used for religious "meetin's." As he was approached Saturday night by the other trustees, he still refused to give his consent.

"I'm *goin'* in to varnish the seats *to-morrer*," he said; "you can't have your *meetin's* there."

"But we *shall* have our meetings there to-morrow," said the other trustees.

"You're very much mistaken," persisted their opponent, as he hobbled about on his shagbark crutch, being lame, and sporting a tremendous coon-skin cap, nearly half as large as a barrel, while he puffed away on his immense meerschaum, and squirted his tobacco juice in every direction, ejaculating every few seconds: "You're cussedly mistaken, my friends; I shall be there all day *to-morrer*, *varnishin'* the seats. I've been hired to do the job, and I *perpose* to do it to-morrer."

It was useless to reason with him, and his partners in office left, concluding that after tea they would go to the school house and stand guard for the night. But when they got there, they found the man ahead of them, daubing on the varnish at a fearful rate. His wife was holding the lantern, and a ray of triumph lit up their faces at their apparent victory. But the two men who had proposed to stand guard, were not to be foiled in this manner, and the following scene occurred in less time than it takes to tell it:

Varnish pail kiting across the room before the toe of a well-aimed boot.

Crutch falling upon the heads of opposing trustees with tremendous fury.

Lantern broken to pieces under some pretty lusty strokes.

Oil streaming in divers directions, and the zealous varnisher picked up and very unceremoniously pitched out the door, with the injunction to be off, or he might expect still rougher treatment.

The seats were soon relieved of their varnish, two rousing meetings were held there the next day, while the coon-skin cap crowned a head the next morning as meek as a whipped spaniel.

The work of the Lord was not hindered, though it seemed somewhat like taking the kingdom of heaven by violence.

CHAPTER VII.

Glorious Overrulings—The Church was Built—Sabbath School and Prayer Meeting—A Misunderstanding—Another Happy Ending—A Strange Medley—Weekly Pledges—Willing Hearts—Good Shot.

In a society composed mostly of sturdy farmers, the opposition of another trustee was happily overruled. The people had come from different parts of the country, taken up their homesteads, built their little claim shanties, broken some of their land, raised a little produce, and were just getting well started, when they began to talk about educational matters for the new town. They must have a school. After organizing a district, and choosing trustees, the question arose, "Where can we get a lot, and how shall we build a house?"

Unfortunately, as they began soon to find out, one of the trustees was very difficult to please. A constitutional grumbler, with a large amount of innate stubbornness, is a fair description of the man. After a good deal of talk, however, a site was informally selected, and one of the officers of the new district was to get the lumber and deliver it in due form.

The next day found him coming up the street with a large load of cottonwood joist, studding, boards and other portions of the proposed building, when one of the neighbors chancing along, assured him that the third trustee had expressed himself as decidedly averse to the site that had been chosen, and declared that he would have nothing to do with the project if the house was built there.

"All right," said the man; "then I'll take the lumber and build a granary."

"Why not build a church;" said the other.

"A happy thought; we'll do that very thing," and away he went, the dream of his journey from the sawmill being, first a school house, next a granary, then a house of worship.

The church was built.

An earnest, wide-awake young man organized a Sabbath school in the new district, where a little while before there was not a soul within seven miles of the place, and the nearest post office was a dozen miles away. A revival followed. A church of twenty members was gathered, and the little sanctuary that came so near being made into a granary was packed to its utmost capacity from Sabbath to Sabbath, till another revival followed, and fifteen more were added to the church. The leading people of the place were converted. Sobriety took the place of intemperance. Instead of cursing and blasphemy, prayer and praise were the ruling forces of the new town. Horse racing, card playing, dancing and frivolity, *et cetera*, so common in frontier towns, gave way to more serious and rational enjoyments.

The sanctuary service, the prayer meeting, the Sabbath school, and social gatherings of neighbors for the acquaintance with new comers, and good fellowship in general, were duly regarded, while the school went on as well, and the farmer found another place for his grain. Thus the wrath of man was overruled.

In one church, where it was thought best to attempt only a preaching service at first, it was proposed afterwards to start a Sabbath school.

But the leading members said, No, there were not pupils enough; there was no one to act as superintendent; no one to lead a Bible class; no one to do anything; it would certainly be a failure—worse than doing nothing at all.

But a new twenty-five-dollar library, which had been sent to put where it would do good, finally tempted them to make the trial, and in a short time they had the leading school in the place, and a Bible class of over thirty members. Shortly after this, it was asked if the time had not come to start a prayer meeting, in connection with the church.

The deacons thought not.

There were too few to attend; there was no good man to take the charge of it, as I could only be there on the Sabbath; haying and harvesting would interfere; the evenings were too short; everything was unpropitious; it would certainly fail, and the reaction would be bad.

But one aged man was found at length, who said he would lead the meetings, and six women, who would surely be present and take part. This was sufficient, and the meeting was announced. When the time came, as one of the timid brethren who had discouraged the movement approached, a little fearful as to whether he would find any one there, he heard some one in prayer, and thought he would wait till the prayer was ended, and not disturb the meeting. But as soon as the first "amen" was pronounced, another voice was heard, and he had to wait for five prayers before he could get in. It was a good meeting, they all said, and the excuses of the week before were never made again. From this time the feeling was, "We couldn't do without the prayer meeting."

In a field of large promise, a disagreement arose between

two prominent members of the church. Affairs soon began to look very serious. The community was intensely excited. Crimination and recrimination filled the very air, and threatened to break up the church. Both the men were of marked individuality, sharp, positive, well informed, and like two giants in battle array.

As usual, they both brought their complaints to the superintendent. I said to the aggrieved party, "Let us go and see the man; perhaps the trouble comes from some misunderstanding, and a little conference may set it all right."

As the two men met, each told his story, and sure enough it was a misunderstanding.

The difficulties were soon adjusted, and there was a happy ending of what might have been a most grievous calamity.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" but how easily the divine fire can consume the most intense heat of the great adversary.

Another case was that of a leading member in the church who was most mortally offended with the minister, while the minister was greatly grieved with the member. They both wrote the superintendent to come up at once. Something must be done or the church would go to pieces. Going as speedily as possible, I found the forces already drawn up in battle array, and the prospects good for a serious conflict. The minister stood on one side, and the members with the aggrieved brother on the other, and yet they both seemed ready and anxious to do anything that was honorable in the case.

"Let us confer together; there must be some misunderstanding," I again suggested. After the morning services of

the Sabbath, it was agreed to have a meeting in the afternoon, and talk over matters.

The church was first heard, each member being asked to give a fair statement of the case as he understood it, the brother aggrieved speaking last.

It was now the minister's turn.

"I acknowledge," he said, "that I spoke unadvisedly—spoke in a passion. I was excited and said what was wrong. It was unbecoming a Christian, or any one, much more a minister of the Gospel. I regretted it at the very time, was heartily ashamed of it, asked the brother's pardon on the spot, and supposed he so understood it. But if he did not, I now most humbly ask it, and the pardon of the church and all concerned. I am exceedingly sorry. I have wept over it bitterly, and asked God to forgive me as I now ask you. I trust God *has* forgiven me. I supposed you had. If you have not, I hope you will."

His whole bearing was penitential and honorable, though his provocation was great, and would have overcome many a good man beyond a doubt. He sat down. It was as still as death, and as solemn as the judgment.

I caught the eye of the aggrieved brother and the minister, and said, "I think the next thing to do is for you two men to walk up and shake hands with each other and bury this hatchet here and now. They both started at once and met half way, while tears like a fountain gushed from the eyes of each, as strong men and women bowed themselves, sobbing aloud, and ejaculating in all parts of the house, "Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!" A prayer of thanksgiving was offered as they stood there, hand in hand, and the

meeting closed with the long-meter doxology, sung with the most devout fervor, to say the least. It was another happy ending of what threatened to be a death blow to the church.

A long series of evening meetings followed, largely attended, greatly quickening God's people, and bringing many souls into the kingdom.

But here is a case as singular as it seemed to be unaccountable. The offender was a young man, clear cut, polished, bright, of good education and varied attainments, devout in the pulpit and in prayer, a fine independent singer, a good preacher, and socially far above the average. But his demeanor when out of the pulpit was often intensely queer and perplexing. He seemed to falsify, if not absolutely lie, when there appeared to be nothing to gain by it, but everything to lose. He told one man that he owned two horses, another that he had three, and another four—a pair of horses and a pair of ponies, when the fact was he had but one pony, and this he held on trust. He told another man that he had sent abroad for some fancy English hunting hounds—had telegraphed for them, and when they came he was going to make presents of them to some friends of his in the community. None of the telegraph operators in any of the towns about had sent any such dispatch, and as it afterwards proved, there was no truth in the story, and no apparent reason for his telling it.

As he was going to church one bright Sabbath morning, and almost ready to enter the house, a little dog ran up and yelped behind him, when he pulled out a pistol and blazed away at him, to the amazement of the people, as they were pouring into the church from different directions, but with no more seeming impropriety on his part than if he had snapped his fingers at the little whiffet.

At another time, when taking a sleigh ride with a young lady of his parish, as his horse did not trot to suit him, he stopped, put the reins into her hands, got out of the cutter and said, "I'll make him go," and mounting the horse and using the whip most vigorously, he went sailing through the principal streets of the village, while the cutter was bobbing up and down and swinging from side to side over the hills and ice, as he still plied the whip, and the fair damsel was nearly frightened out of her wits, while the people were gazing in wonder at the strange sight from every direction.

And yet he did not seem to think he had done anything out of the way, or that any one would take the least notice of it. These are specimens of a good many similar incidents. No reasoning with the man was of any avail. He could see no impropriety or lack of dignity in such things, and he seemed to be perfectly amazed that any one should take any notice of them.

He appeared to be very zealous in his work, wanted it to go forward, wanted to see men converted and saved, was sound in the faith, was ready to hold half a dozen stations at once, to expose himself to all the inconveniences of new and frontier towns, take long and perilous rides through the storms, was contented with a small salary, prayed and labored for a revival, asked the brethren to pray for his church and for himself, sent out postal cards far and near, requesting a remembrance in his special efforts, acted sometimes like a genuine Christian man, and at other times appeared to have no saving knowledge of these things.

It seemed impossible to change him and he was not easily provoked. We could not help liking him, and yet we dis-

liked many of his doings most emphatically. He was a thorn in our sides, a scandal to the cause, provoking us all the time, now making us feel that he was all right at heart, and now that he was a base hypocrite. He was a strange medley, surely—a bundle of contradictions, a riddle, and we had to let him go.

As pledges for weekly offerings were being taken in one church, a brave little fellow connected with the Sabbath school said, "Give me a card; I'll take it home, and, after deciding what I ought to give, will return it with the sum named."

As I was leaving the hall a few moments afterwards, I found the little chap waiting at the bottom of the stairs to make further inquiries about the plan.

There he stood with the card in one hand, and the reins of a scrawny pair of donkeys in the other, the harness of the long-eared animals consisting of ropes and pieces of leather twisted together in a very comical way, while the buggy looked as if it was about ready to give out, like the parson's "One Hoss Shay," and his two little sisters, dressed in the plainest calico, the cheapest kind of chip hats shading their sun-burnt faces, waited near as interested parties.

It was a picture for the painter! The boy had driven in his team from the country five miles, where his father had just taken up a homestead. After learning the full significance of the card, he helped his sisters into the buggy with the gallantry of a knight of honor, and drove away across the prairie with all the speed that his long-eared steeds could make, apparently proud of the prospect of soon becoming a regular contributor towards meeting the current expenses of worship in the new town.

"I shall be on hand next Sabbath, sure," he said.

But he did not wait till the next Sabbath. He was there at the evening service of the same day, and he brought his card in his hand, holding it up as if it had been a sacred pledge to some great prince of royal power, as it surely was. After considering the subject with apparently great carefulness, and no doubt prayerfulness also, he made a mark signifying what he could do at the *one cent* place.

It was a little sum to be sure, but the unanimous feeling was, that he had probably done his full share, and would have the reward of the poor widow, so warmly commended by the Master in olden times. If all would do as well proportionately, there would be no lack in the Lord's treasury, surely.

In one Sabbath school was a band of "Willing Hearts," composed of the little folks, with a few of the mothers and elder sisters to supervise the work. There were fifty or sixty of them, and they soon grew to be more than a hundred. They met once a week, usually Saturday afternoons, to do little fancy work of various kinds. The proceeds went into the missionary treasury, a part for the foreign and a part for the home field. Some of the members had little safety banks, which they kept at home, and into which they deposited their gifts from time to time. At the close of the year, they held their fair, to which all the members were admitted free, while others had to pay a small entrance fee.

This fair was held at the pastor's house, and a grand occasion it was, as both parents and children were unanimous in thinking.

In one room was a most beautiful array of the workmanship of the little people. There were fancy dolls by the

score, trimmed in the brightest style, and perfectly dazzling to the eyes of both young and old. And then there were gay cushions, and hoods, and aprons, and sacques, and tidies, and *other* dolls, and paper cutters, nicely carved by some of the boys, and sometimes a stylish afghan, touched up by more practiced fingers, and collars, and cuffs, and hair ribbons, and neckties, and watch cases, and slipper holders, and pen wipers, and a great many other beautiful things, most of which were bought by the older folks, and given back to the children. The money safes were brought out, and when opened, were found to contain from twenty to a hundred cents each.

The enthusiasm on one occasion was so great among the children, that one little girl, not connected with the band of "Willing Hearts," caught the spirit, and wanted to attend the fair. So, as she had no money with which to pay the entrance fee, she brought a hen which she had raised—brought it alive, in a basket—and in due time it was presented to the crowd, and sold at auction as a missionary hen. It was struck off to the highest bidder, at exactly one hundred pennies.

The net profits of the fair at this time were \$120, which were used in helping evangelize and Christianize the mighty West and the regions beyond the great seas. Thus the "Willing Hearts" were taught to give to missionary objects, to give all the time, and they received in various ways much pleasure in so doing.

Being called to visit a field which had just changed pastors, I found the following history connected with the new comer:

A few years before, he was a prosperous salesman in one of the large mercantile houses of Boston. For quite a period

he traveled for this house, whose annual sales were up among the millions, his own receipts for goods one year being \$100,000. His salary was \$2,000 and expenses. But hearing one of the secretaries of the Home Missionary Society on a certain anniversary occasion, his heart was so stirred, that he said, "I must give my life to that work." Already a graduate of a college, a few years found him away out at the front, in one of our smallest missionary churches, with a salary of \$600 a year—a good scholar, an excellent preacher, a fine player on the organ, and a leading singer, with a rich, sweet voice, that would have brought a premium in many a wealthy church.

It was a bow drawn at a venture by that home missionary secretary, that brought such returns. It was the same spirit that induced the breaking of the alabaster box of very precious ointment, that caused this young man to give himself thus unreservedly to the home missionary work in the difficult field that he occupied.

It brought to mind the words of the wise king: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Little Boy's Prayer—Killed by his Own Son—Fairy Scenes—Sunday Ball Playing—Swift to Ruin—Satan's Emissary—Divine Providences—Scoffing Lawyer—Little Child's Funeral—Black Boy and White Stage Driver—Pappoose.

In one field was a little shaver, but two years' old, who seemed to have great faith in prayer. He had been to church for the first time after he was baptized, and he evidently meant to make the most of it. After waiting quietly in his seat for a few moments, as he saw his father in the pulpit, he seemed to think, "Why can't I go up there?" and away he started, and was quickly beyond the reach of his attendant. Approaching the pulpit, he called out, "I'm coming, papa," and in a moment he stood by his father's side. With an innocent smile, he chatted away quite briskly for a little, as the services went on, and then, as if it might not be just the thing for a meeting, he took a seat on the sofa, and looked as grave as an associate clergyman. But half a minute or so sufficed for this, and down he got, made another assault upon the preacher, and not receiving a response, paced back and forth upon the pulpit platform a few times, with as much composure as if there were but two people in the house, and he was acting the most important, as he certainly was the most conspicuous, part of the two. After this he walked down in front of the desk, calmly surveyed the situation of things, and then dashed through the aisles by way of variety.

As prayer was offered, he had reached the pulpit again, and seeing the bowed heads of the people, he clapped his little hands over his eyes, and devoutly stood till the prayer ended.

Now, there was nothing very bad or boisterous about all this, surely, but as the little preacher seemed to divert attention from the larger one, it seemed best to administer slight reproof after reaching home.

"Our little boy mustn't leave his seat," they said to him, "when he goes to church; mustn't go into the pulpit or walk about, but must sit still, as the rest of the people do."

It made a strong impression on his mind. He appeared to think he had really done wrong, and all the next week, when his friends spoke to him about it, he said with great solemnity, "I was a bad boy at church; I talked out loud in the meeting; I went up into the pulpit and walked around; I mustn't do so, but must sit still and hear papa preach."

Like a true penitent, he asked the Lord to help. In his little prayer the next morning of the Sabbath, with other petitions, he said: "The Lord make me good at church; make me not to go up into the pulpit, or walk around, or talk out loud;" and though it was a hot day at church, and pretty trying to the older people, he sat all through the services as quietly as could be. Who doubts the sincerity of his morning prayer, or questions that the Lord heard and granted the petition of the little suppliant?

In another field was a little shaver, whose father used to dandle him on his knee, and carry him on his back, and toss him up towards the ceiling, and caress him with kisses, and do anything in his power to make him happy. Their fondness for each other was very marked and mutual. But

the father soon began to drink intoxicating liquors. He just took a little wine at first, and that not very often. Presently he took a little brandy or gin. Then he drank quite frequently; a little later every day, and by and by he would show signs of intoxication. Pretty soon it was a common remark by those who knew him best, "He's become a miserable drunkard."

His son having grown to be almost a man, also began to drink, following his father's example. A few years, and the father was cross and cruel—cruel to his son, that he thought so much of a little while before; cruel to his wife, and all the members of the family. The son became passionate and profane. Drink had burnt its dark way into their very souls, and after a while that once loving father, in a drunken fit, rushed into the house one day, seized a large butcher knife, flourished it over the head of his wife, and threatened to cut her heart out.

As she fled, and just barely escaped him, he dashed into another room, broke nearly all the furniture to pieces, heaped chairs, and bureau, and table, and looking glass, and parlor stove in one shattered mass upon the floor, then rushed out, seized a shot gun and went for his son whom he used to pet so fondly, chased him nearly around the house, shouting out with the most horrid oaths, "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" when this once gentle, loving son, suddenly turned, drew a revolver and shot his father through the heart, killing him instantly.

What a fearful confirmation of the saying long since uttered, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It was a wise study in more than one Christian home, in some of the churches, how to furnish the children with suitable amusements.

"Let us begin, then," said two thoughtful parents, "with our little girl's birthday."

She was just six years' old.

Tiny, red-edged note paper, with corresponding envelopes, were used in giving invitations to the party, and about forty little girls with a few boys, mostly of her Sabbath school class, responded to the call. They came looking as bright and gay as larks. Rosy cheeks, and silken hair so tastefully trimmed by mothers and older sisters at home, and white dresses, with red, and blue, and scarlet scarfs, and hose and shoes and other parts to correspond, showed off in charming contrast, though none of the joyful group seemed to think of these things.

They had come for a good time, were glad to see each other, and each one seemed to seek the happiness of all the rest, especially of the one at whose invitation they had gathered. Close by the house was a beautiful lawn, with shade trees and a carpet of green grass, which had been cut short, and was almost as soft and smooth as velvet.

As they swung in the hammocks, and drove the croquet balls, and arranged themselves in circles, and groups, and lines, in their little sports, it looked like fairy land.

The pastor was among the invited guests, and for the time seemed a child with the rest of them. As he gave them rides in the little hand phaeton over the smooth walks, and in various ways contributed to their joy, the sweat fairly stood in large beads on his forehead, and little streams of

perspiration trickled down his face. It was delightful to see the interest manifested between the pastor and the children of his flock — children whom he had before, in token of parental faith, presented to the Lord in baptism.

In due time the long extension table was placed out under the trees, and after receiving the bright spread, was loaded with nice biscuit and butter, and sponge and frosted cake, and ice cream, and marble and cream cake, and pure cold water, and beautiful bouquets, and many other charming things, all of which looked unusually bright and cheery.

As they gathered around this bountiful supply now waiting for them, all was still for a moment, when the voice of blessing was heard, recognizing God as the author of all these good gifts, and giving thanks that He had sent the pleasant day, and made the beautiful flowers to grow and the birds to sing for their pleasure. The Heavenly Father was asked to be with them in all their ways, at home, at school, in work, in play, everywhere and all the time. He was asked to make them all the friends of Christ, to give them all many birthdays in this life, should He think best, to guide them in all the paths of peace and truth, and by and by, through faith in the Lord of glory, to receive them to that bright and countless number of children and others, redeemed and saved in the everlasting kingdom.

Soon after partaking of their refreshments the good byes were said, and they went their several homeward ways, carrying, I am sure, pleasant memories for the years to come.

It was a fair sample of many expedients to which Christian parents must have due thought, would they meet the needs of the little ones for social enjoyment, to the exclusion of objectionable features so liable to find place.

The right way, under the growing conditions of childhood and youth, can only be found surely by great wisdom, ceaseless endeavor, and untiring prayer.

Several very important young chaps, as they seemed to think themselves, in a comparatively new town, to show that they had got beyond the old foggy notions of the preacher in reference to the proper observance of the Sabbath, drove out with their teams one Lord's day afternoon, for a game at ball playing.

To make the thing complete, in their estimation, they took quite a quantity of lager beer, drank freely, set out to return, got to racing horses, turned over one of their wagons, and left two of their very flippant ranters against the superstitious notions of the church keeled up in the ditch, with bleeding heads, and badly broken legs, while the team hurried home with all the speed of frightened runaways, and these young chaps, so much wiser than the preacher, were furnished with several months' confinement under the hands of the surgeon, the final result being a good round bill from the doctor, a pair of crutches from the carpenter, with which to hobble about for a long time after they were able to leave their rooms, and a pretty thorough conviction that playing ball on the Sabbath didn't pay that time, to say the least.

The most wealthy man of a growing town, active, wide awake, and very successful in business, offered to give two hundred dollars towards building a church. But before we were ready to begin the work, little by little, he began to trench on the Sabbath with his business.

Six days and nights were not sufficient. So, breaking in on the Lord's time, he soon neglected public worship, cut

himself off from many good influences which he had before enjoyed, and henceforth everything seemed to work against him.

Soon his property was mortgaged, then assigned, then sold at a nominal price, till it was all gone. He lost everything, and was one of the poorest men in town, as he had been one of the richest a short time before. He now tried to drown his misfortune in drink, and was presently a confirmed sot.

At length he disappeared. As to his whereabouts no one knew. Search was made in every direction but in vain. The whole thing was veiled in mystery, till some six months afterwards his bleaching bones and those of his horse were found in a thick forest, where he had evidently undertaken to force his way through the deep snow the winter before, and being entangled by fallen down trees and dense underbrush, both driver and horse had perished in this shocking manner. The beginning of such a sad ending seemed to be a violation of the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

In a stage ride over the country, as a specimen of the material with which the pioneer missionary has to do, was a passenger who seemed to glory in his shame, though in various ways he testified for the truth.

He was a stalwart fellow, and physically a fine specimen of manhood. He drew a most vivid picture of some of the early inhabitants of the Territory.

They were mostly rough frontiersmen. Their principal business was gambling, racing horses, drinking "Old Bourbon," and eating cat fish and mouldy cheese.

Painted Indians amused the pale faces with their war-

whoops, and danced to the tune of whiskey that would burn right down to the ends of their toe nails. He gave, in his graphic way, interlarded with fearful oaths, an account of their old times, and arraigned at the judgment bar a dozen or more of the prominent citizens of those days. "There was captain such a one; he died of delirium tremens."

"And colonel so and so; he went to the bad long ago."

"And general thus and thus; he killed himself drinking."

A judge and a doctor, and other titled characters, he dissected in a similar style.

"The one that could imbibe the most unadulterated fire-flip," as he expressed it, "was the greatest hero of the crowd. Every night they made tumultuous uproar, and drank chain lightning enough," as he called it, "to float the Great Eastern." In short, "they raised the devil," as he roughly put it. In speaking of one boon companion whose excesses had burned out the sinews of life, he said: "He beat the old Nick himself, he did. He would swear like a thunderbolt, and drink whiskey enough every day to run a saw mill."

"He's gone where it's hot, sure;" and then he would laugh like one of Deacon Giles' horn-headed, cloven-footed imps at the capture of some new victim, to be plunged into the great fiery caldron of distilled death, to boil, and writhe, and seethe in ceaseless torments.

In the same way, he boasted of smuggling whiskey from Canada during the war; of his burying twenty barrels of it in the sand at one time, and about the same quantity in a hay mow at another time, to prevent detection, and at midnight rolling it into the back door of a wholesale liquor store; of his crafty escape from officers on divers occasions, among them

his own Christian father; in short, of his carrying a high hand and cutting a tremendous dash in all kinds of villainy.

When he offered to treat a fellow passenger with a cigar, "I never smoke," was the answer; "have no vices."

"Well, you're just like me, only I have all the vices," was the reply; "at least I design to keep up with the time in these things. If there are any I don't have, it's because I don't know about them."

And then another fiendish chuckle would escape him, a little inkling perchance of how it may be with lost spirits hereafter.

Though in boasted league with Satan, it is for such as he was, and to keep others from being like him, that the missionary goes out, and how he needs not only the pecuniary help, but the prayers of those who send him!

"I'll tell you how I came to be a believer in Divine Providence, gentlemen," said one, as he was talking with a group of rough fellows who seemed to regard Christian people as a set of pitiable fanatics.

"I'm a living witness of this thing. When I was in the war, I had three horses killed under me in less than twenty minutes. A ball from a sharp shooter grazed my face, hit a man behind me and killed him in a jiffy. I got three slight wounds in one day, saw my brother shot down at my side, went into battle in the morning, and at night was one of only eight men who answered to the roll call of the whole company.

"I used to sleep in the mud and water and go without eating for two or three days at a time. I'm not a rugged man, and still I live.

"God kept me gentlemen.

"Hundreds and thousands of strong and hardy men were killed and died all about me, and I'm indebted to Divine Providence that I wasn't among them. At the battle of Gettysburg I helped some timid women raise the American flag over a public house, and hold it there till the house was riddled with canon balls, and not one of us was injured. Then we went onto the battle field and worked for hours, helping carry off the dead and wounded, while shells and grapeshot and bullets were flying in every direction, and yet we all escaped. I tell you my friends," he said, "I believe in Divine Providence." As another illustration," he continued, "as I was riding along with our general at one time, when the shells were flying and bursting with terrible fury, and as the general saw the men dodge the deadly missiles, "Don't dodge, don't dodge, boys!" he said, when the very next moment a tremendous shell went whizzing right over the heads of our horses, and as the general unconsciously disobeyed his own orders, he looked around and very pleasantly said, "You may dodge the *big* ones, boys." He saw that a second more, one foot farther on our way, and our heads would have gone, sure.

"Yes," said the man, "I believe in Divine Providence. You can't convince me that there is nothing in these things. I tell you that the preachers and the Bible are nearer right than you think, I can assure you."

He preached a capital sermon to these men who never darkened the doors of God's house with their presence.

At this point a scoffing lawyer said, "Well, this Divine Providence man may be right after all. I've noticed in my profession that when I've had occasion to leave out a case to

arbitration—and I've had more than a hundred such cases—I've always noticed that the parties, no matter how base and unprincipled, are sure to choose Christian men to act as their judges."

Thus two good sermons were preached, and I simply had to say, "Gentlemen, I shall be glad to see you all at the meeting in the hall to-night at seven o'clock; come, and bring your friends with you." They came, and we had a good meeting, and at the close of the service they said they wished I could send them a man to be there every Sabbath."

Connected with the Sabbath school of a new settlement was a young woman who had so won the love of all about her, that when God suddenly called her to himself, the people for a long distance left their busy homes in harvest time, and went several miles, most of them in their lumber wagons, through the dust of drought and the heat of summer, to attend the funeral. In token of their esteem, they wove wild flowers from the prairie into a wreath and crown, to lay on her coffin, and chose sweet, plaintive airs to sing at the public services and the grave.

Every look of these newly-made friends evinced their kindness, every act their good will, and every heart mourned the loss of one whose generous deeds and loving life called to mind that gathering among the early disciples when the coats and other garments exhibited were the results of the same loving spirit as the one that so suddenly went out in that far-off prairie home. How true it is that a life of love always begets love in return.

While coming back from this service of both joy and sadness, a colored boy, almost a young man, was seen lying near

a clump of bushes on the roadside, evidently in want, and the stage driver, reining up his spirited team towards him, cried out, "Hello there, what's the matter?"

It proved that the poor fellow was hungry and weary and almost helpless with the rheumatism. And without another word the driver quickly leaped from the stage, helped in the boy, brought him to a post office several miles on his way, and said to the good woman of the house, "Get this chap something to eat, and I'll pay for it," but as she refused to take pay, he handed the money to the boy, saying, "Here, this will help you get something to-night." And we thought of the truth that the Gospel is able to make the dwellers in claim shanties and sod houses, even to the rough-looking stage driver, possess as generous emotions and noble hearts as they have who live in ceiled houses and shine in the garb of fashion.

Presently a company of Sioux Indians were overtaken. Among them a tiny pappoose attracted attention, when the dusky attendants said by signs and a few broken words of English, that the real mother of the child was dead and she and her husband were caring for the little one.

They seemed as tender of it as they could have been had its skin and their own been as white and their dress as stylish as those of more civilized nations. Having been connected with one of the missions near there, they had learned to cherish the same Christian spirit, in their care for the little Indian orphan, that had shown itself in so many ways on that day.

CHAPTER IX.

Wonderland—Denver—Clear Creek Canon—Colorado Springs—Cluster of Marvels—Santa Pueblo—San Juan Regions—The Disturber Put Out—Church Organization—The Two Mourners—Footing and Forging—Twin Lakes—Grand View—The Meeting—Divers Conveyances—Free Ride—Deserted Town—Wagon Wheel Gap—A Rocky Mountain Stager—Dead and Live Timber—Immense Pines—Slum Gullion.

An unexpected summons came to work in Wonderland.

It was the Alps of America, the silver-ribbed, gold-gulched, copper-seamed, iron-bound, mountainous Colorado—a portion of the country that one must see to understand. The stereoscopic view, the painting—even Bierdstadt's greatest piece—can give nothing like a correct impression. The most facile pen, the most fluent speaker, falls wide of the mark in his attempts. The tourist, like the great Queen of the South, touching the splendor of the famous king she went to see, exclaims, "The one-half had not been told me!"

One is pleasantly impressed on his arrival at Denver with the charming water courses, which their system of irrigation furnishes, so that almost every street in the city has its ever-living, babbling brook, the secret of the beautiful trees that line these water courses, and the green lawn of the yard, and the fresh fruitage of the gardens that everywhere abound.

The first duty after reaching this Paris of America, as some one has termed it, called for a trip up to Georgetown, on the narrow-gauge railroad, through a mighty gorge, with

mountains and crags and peaks piled up to the very clouds. The little iron horse dashed along furiously by the side of Clear Creek, which rushed over great boulders and rocks, and curved and twisted like a snake as it went forward. Looking out the window, it seemed as if the train was going plump against a great cliff that had defied the blasts of a thousand years. Looking again, and the little engine was dashing across the mad stream, showing new views and stranger sights in rocks and crags, as if cleft asunder by ten thousand bolts from Jove's great columbiads. Every moment changed the panorama, as the train ascended the canon at a grade of two hundred feet to the mile, and fourteen hundred feet in eleven miles, at one point.

At length the city was reached, a busy, energetic town of five thousand people, whose principal business was the digging of ore from the everlasting mountains between which they were thickly huddled together, and making it into silver bullion by means of their great smelting and reduction works.

The church at Georgetown, once in a flourishing condition, with a comfortable house of worship then standing empty, was practically disbanded, part of the members having joined another denomination, and the rest of them waiting to see what would turn up.

The next name on the roll was Colorado Springs, one of the most charming cities, prospectively, in the world, situated at the base of Pike's Peak, whose snow-clad top reaches up fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and in close proximity to the sulphur and soda and iron springs of the Manitou, that bid fair by their medicinal virtues to rival at no distant day the far-famed Saratoga.

In less than six years after the first stake was stuck in that city, it had a population of six thousand souls.

Its streets were smooth and solid and straight as an arrow, with little water courses rippling along on both sides of the way, and the whole town was adorned with beautiful shade trees. "A charming place!" was the natural exclamation of every one. It was especially noticeable, that while industry, and good order, and a high-toned sentiment generally prevailed in that bright young city, Old Bacchus could find no place. Not a saloon was allowed, and the only help for the champions of this reveling divinity was, to mutter forth their gruff complaints, and steal around some corner or through some dark alley, and on the sly quaff their fiery beverage.

The Sabbath spent there was given to missionary work, both morning and evening, and while many missionary addresses were made, many fervent prayers were also offered for blessings on the home missionary interests of the State and college, which latter, from its location, in almost the center of the continent, may one day be the future Oxford of America.

It was a good day, surely, and a cheering thought that where a little while before the Ute Indian, the bear, and the buffalo held possession, civilization had entered, and the desert had begun to blossom like the rose. Near by were the Manitou waters, bubbling up bright and sparkling from their deep and mysterious caverns, and just at the right was the Garden of the Gods, a large plateau with great rocks and boulders of varied formation, some of them jutting up two or three hundred feet, with their perpendicular sides almost as true as if made by plumb and line.

Still farther along, Glen Eyrie appeared, with its eagle nest up in the crags of the rocks, just at the entrance to this romantic spot. No wonder that General Palmer should have chosen this charming glen for his palatial summer residence. A little further along was Queen's Canon, with its almost perpendicular rocks on either side of one, as he winds his way up the little, narrow path for a mile or so, till stopped by a great basin of water which some one had slanderously named the "Punch Bowl," but which I should call the "Silver Fountain."

A few miles to the left was Cheyenne Canon, with its seven cascades forever plunging down into the abyss, while at the right was Williams Canon, with its almost perpendicular walls extending up three or four hundred feet, and so near each other in places that one could touch the sides of each by stretching out his arms at full length, to say nothing of the lesser marvels that abound on every side. On one great rock two hundred feet high, in the Garden of the Gods, appeared the wonderful formation of a bear and a seal, facing each other, as if just ready to grapple in fight. On another mighty rock was a huge boulder of many tons weight, poised upon a pivot, and looking as if the gentle touch of a child's hand would move it, and as if a few pounds weight would tottle it over.

I was told by a friend that in another part of the State was an elephant, looking as natural as life, and a colored woman, with curly hair and thick lips and grinning countenance, the veritable Miss Dinah of some Southern plantation, for all the world. The sculptor's chisel could hardly have done it better.

At Santa Pueblo, a short distance from and overlooking Old Pueblo, where there was a wonderful blending of locomotive whistles and snorting of the iron horses, quite a little company was found with motto like that of the fathers, "A church without a bishop and a state without a king," and notwithstanding business embarrassments, a movement was set on foot for the joint planting of church and school, at no distant day. Everything signalized the former pastor of a New England church as the man for this work. At this time he was in camp up beyond the Manitou, in one of the wildest dells that ever Scottish mountaineer would have chosen, and if rocky fastnesses, and dashing little rills, and cloud-topped peaks, and the night howl of prowling beasts, and the screech of forest birds, might have influence, a good place surely for gaining inspiration for this leadership.

The next summons was away to the mountains, to San Juan. And so, by a four days' journey in old-fashioned stage, in hack, in lumber wagon, through the famous Ute Pass, hugging the precipitous sides of Rainbow Falls, past the petrified forest, where great trees and stumps had turned to solid stone; over Summit Park, a beautiful landscape, interspersed with pine and balsam, on the top of a mountain three thousand feet above the sea; over into South Park, seventy miles long and thirty wide, surrounded, amphitheater-like, with immense mountains supported by a background of the snowy range, whose white tops did not yield to the sun's rays of a whole summer; stopping to drink of the intense sulphur waters, and boil a few eggs in the hot springs that lay along the way; leaving the park and climbing up, up, up, and then going down, down, down, at the rate of ten miles an hour,

through the wildest regions yet seen, at the end of four days, Malta, Lead, and Oro cities were reached, newly discovered, rich gold and silver mining districts.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the little log school house, already having place in one of those new towns, was packed with eager listeners. Men more accustomed to swear than to pray, and more familiar with ardent spirits than the good spirits above, arranged for the meeting, and pledged their support to the ministrations of the word. "Yes, we want the preacher, we want the church," was the almost united affirmation of these mountain towns. But while the first service was going on, a man who had patronized the saloons too well during the day began to make disturbance, showing his likes and dislikes of what was said, when a gentleman got up, in a business-like manner, walked across the room, and took a seat by his side, very significantly shaking his head at him. This quieted the man for the moment, when he again soon called out, and another peacemaker took a seat on the other side of him. Thus guarded he was as meek as a kitten for some minutes, when he again began, and the two men very summarily took him by the collar, marched him across the room, and opening the door shoved him out with as little ceremony as they would have turned out a disturbing dog. It was a queer little episode, conducted with great dispatch, and the utmost dignity and composure, being a fair index of the way they sometimes manage matters in the mines of the mountains.

The next Lord's day, a church of Christ was organized in the town, which afterwards became famous for its rich carbonate ores.

It was while working in the interests of this church, a few years afterwards, that the irresistible Picket was called so suddenly to rest from his labors, and join the ranks of the glorified ones. On the day of the first organization of this church, the parents from two of the different towns brought their children and placed upon them the seal of God's covenant, in token of their faith.

One of the devoted women, active in the Sabbath school and ready for every good work, who had expected to join the first church of the three towns, was called on the same Sabbath morning to join the church triumphant, and the day following, I helped lay away her body in a beautiful forest cemetery on the mountain overlooking the town, and well up towards the home of her ransomed spirit, being eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Two bright little girls, the daughters of this good woman, were the chief mourners, and they wept as if their hearts would break. Strong men were moved with pity, and many a tear was brushed away by the brawny hand of the sun-burnt miner, unused to give very much sign of outward grief. The father was the veriest slave to his cups, and none dared hope for his reformation, though, as I bade him a final adieu, he promised me, as his muscular frame shook with emotion, that he would never drink again.

There was but one way to reach another new town which was sending out the Macedonian cry, and so the rickety bridge over the river was crossed by jumping from one rough sleeper to another, when it was found that, a little way beyond, a stream swollen to more than ordinary dimensions by the recent melting of the snows on the mountains presented

the sole alternative, and so, boots and socks pulled off and pants rolled up, "Young America" like, with valise strapped to my back, I waded in and went through. Just over the river and another stream appeared, which was crossed in the same way, and over the mountains I went, reminded of old California times. With blistered feet and wearied limbs, for that little valise had grown from a few pounds' weight to a very heavy burden, at length Twin Lakes were reached—lakes abounding in beautiful trout, one man catching over seven hundred in a single day.

Though these lakes lay at the base of an immense mountain, they were ten thousand or more feet above the level of the sea, forming another amphitheater with green-clad mountains to the top of timber line, where the snow-clad peaks stretched four or five thousand feet farther.

From the top of Prince Elbert, which seemed to be but about half a mile away, and looked as if it might be scaled in about twenty minutes, but in reality being about twenty miles to the summit, and requiring a whole day on horseback to go there and return, could be seen Pike's Peak, Mt. Yale, Holy Cross, Mt. Harvard, and several other noted rivals that aspired to reach the highest point toward the heavenly city, though all of them were over fourteen thousand feet nearer than the waters of the proud ocean.

Resting a day or two, till blisters yielded and stiff joints assumed their wonted habit, by another tramp of ten miles Granite was reached. Little written notices of an evening service, for the printing press was not yet there, were thrown into every house, store, shop, and saloon even, and eight o'clock brought together a goodly company. The little

hymn books that made that valise so heavy were passed around, and the meeting was warmed into life by twenty minutes or so of good, earnest singing. Before the benediction was pronounced, it was voted to have another meeting on Monday of the following week. At this gathering a Sabbath school was organized, and they promised that every Lord's day should find them gathered in that school. It was the first dawn of a brighter day to the new town.

My vehicle to the San Juan was a one-horse buckboard, which took me very comfortably down the Arkansas Valley, when I fortunately caught a ride with a party of men who were making a camping tour through those regions, fishing, hunting, sight seeing, and in quest of health.

The route was through the Poncho Pass, somewhat like the Ute, only longer and not quite so near the rumbling, tumbling waters that dashed along below. After an eight-mile climb of this sort, we passed into an immense range called Homan's Park, capable of supporting sheep and cattle by the millions. Reaching the valley of the Saguache, instead of taking the stage, I very fortunately had the offer of a free ride for a hundred and twenty miles behind a span of Canadian ponies, that would measure off seventy-five miles a day with wonderful ease.

Leaving this valley, already settled up with farmers, some of whom counted their cattle by the thousands, we entered the San Luis Park, a beautiful region seventy-five miles long and thirty or more wide, with a road as smooth and solid as a floor, but sparsely inhabited at that time, though destined some day to be one of the gardens of the State. Near the terminus of our journey in this park, was deserted

Looma, a town which, two years before, growing up under some intense mining excitement, numbered about a thousand inhabitants, with two or three hundred houses, but which, as the wheel of fortune turned, was left with a single family.

Crossing the river, Del Norte appeared, a town whose founders were very sure, three years before, as it stood upon the outpost of civilization, would soon be a large and prosperous city, but hundreds of miles beyond, where the white man had hardly penetrated at that time, larger towns, in richer regions, were growing up with wonderful rapidity, and so Del Norte was partially eclipsed for a time.

After changing our fleet ponies and light carriage for the gay rig of six noble steeds and a heavy Concord coach, we soon reached Wagon Wheel Gap, a long, narrow passage way between the mountains; presently whirled into Antelope Park, abounding in beautiful antelope, too fleet for the hunter's hounds, and too shy for the shot of the ordinary marksman; soon passed Antelope Springs, more of Colorado's healthful waters, making a sort of Manitou for the rheumatics of the extreme mountain towns, numbering not a few of this kind, we presently reached Clear Creek Falls, leaping down two hundred feet into a very narrow gorge of this gorge-abounding State.

By and by a point was reached resembling the letter S, with very precipitous sides, looking down a hundred feet or more. The driver, to make our hair stand on end a little, and to show us that he was master of the situation, gathered up his reins, snapped over his horses' heads with his long whip lash a curve very like the precipitous one in the road just ahead, when every horse, with rounded neck and dilated

nostrils, dashed forward at a fearful rate. Before there was time to protest, much less to jump out, the danger was over, and with a half shudder, mingled with a sort of vainglory, was the exclamation, "That's like one of those genuine Rocky Mountain drives that we sometimes read about!"

All were ready, surely, to award the palm to this man of the reins, but just as enthusiastic in saying, "Pray don't repeat it, and we'll immortalize you as the Rocky Mountain stager of marvelous skill and the finest kind of hair-breadth escapes."

Following this, the way soon led to mountains of dead wood—large trees turned up by the roots, apparently years ago, and doubtless by some terrific wind. There was enough of this to keep the mighty city in fuel for many a long, cold winter. Just beyond and near the top of timber line, where the growth of trees was larger and better than at a lower altitude, were thousands of acres of heavy pine, of no comparative value there and then, but worth millions, surely, if near the great marts of trade.

But, oh, the road for the last twenty miles of the way! Now it was corduroy, with logs about a foot through, and every other log or so gone; then a few rods of rock, as large as a half bushel, and not very close together; then deep ruts, letting the wheels in nearly to the axles; then a deep ditch or quagmire, that hardly seemed to have any bottom; then up hill and down, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pitching, and sliding, and curving, and twisting, and turning in semi-circular, zigzag shape, and all this many times repeated, till a point was reached which had the very appropriate name of Slum Gullion—a most fearful gully of clay

and alkali—the very drainage of the Augean stables for a hundred years, one would think; the Slum Gullion, surely, of a road that only charged \$4.50 toll to its horrified travelers. As many as twenty broken-down freight wagons were passed—some turned entirely over, others onto one side, others with a wheel smashed to pieces, others with the axle broken, others with the tongue twisted out, and one man, with five spans of heavy mules, said he had been eight days in getting eight miles. The coach that passed over the same road the day before, in plunging into a fearful rut, threw off the driver, and the horses ran, turning over the stage and breaking divers bones among the passengers.

While congratulations were passing around on the superior luck of this trip, all of a sudden something gave way, and sure enough, the coach was minus a wheel. The strong iron axle had broken in two, and with a lumber wagon, jolting and thundering along at a most unmerciful rate, the next fifteen miles were taken.

CHAPTER X.

Picturesque View—Distances Deceptive—Bird's-eye View—Sand Mountains—Veta Pass—Soliloquy—Grand Canon—Sunshine—Funeral in the Mines—Touching Appeal—Gold Hill—Spirit of Union—In the Dance House—Colorado College—Gifts.

The grand view presented was an abundant reward for climbing to the top of a mountain twelve thousand feet above the sea. All the ecstasies imaginable were gone into, but how meager seemed the ado! At the left was a beautiful park, interspersed with the oak and pine, and surrounded with an advance guard of foot hills, with peaks extending up more than a thousand feet beyond, and the eternal snow-clads stretching up five or six thousand feet further, formed the outer guard. Over an immense and rocky range, a little to one side, was Silverton, nestled in among the mountains full of silver, though half the year shut off from the rest of the world by snows which do not fully give way till another crop appears. Directly in front, and three or four thousand feet below, was Lake City, with its year's growth of fifteen hundred or two thousand people, and just beyond, with its little rocky islets, appeared the lake, shimmering beneath the sun, and giving no bottom to the line of a thousand feet.

Still farther in the distance loomed up the mighty Uncomphgre, showing to the traveler two hundred miles away—the highest point in the whole Rocky range.

One would have said that twenty miles' travel would have

reached the top of this immense mountain, when the conversation of a few days before was brought to mind.

"What's the name of that highest peak yonder?" asked a new comer of a stranger, as he stood gazing into the distance.

"That's Mt. Lincoln," was the answer, "and I presume it's farther away than you think for."

"No, I guess not," he said; "I understand distances in this country pretty well."

"How far do you think it is, stranger?"

"Well, I should say it was eighteen or twenty miles, perhaps."

"Just ninety miles *exactly*, sir."

But a good joke is told of an Englishman, not long in those parts.

"I'll just go to the top of that mountain yonder, and return before breakfast," he said. "It will sharpen my appetite and give me a little wholesome exercise."

And away he went at full speed. In about half an hour he began to wonder why he didn't reach the top.

"But I'll soon make it," he said, and he kept climbing as vigorously as ever. Another half hour and with fearfully short breath, panting like a porpoise, he exclaimed, "Distances are terribly deceptive in this country, but I'll soon fetch it, I reckon," and he pressed on, puffing like a young bullock.

Six o'clock in the afternoon barely found him at the top, and eight o'clock the next evening only sufficed to bring him back to where he started thirty-eight hours before.

Shortly after this, as they came to a small stream about two

feet wide, to help on the fun of his friends who were with him on this occasion, and who had bantered him somewhat on his short trip up the mountain before breakfast, he sat down, and very deliberately began to pull off his shoes and stockings, saying, "Distances are very deceptive about here, and I'm going to ford this river; think I shall make it in about two days."

But returning from this digression: as the journey led around the base of another mountain monarch, by a smooth, well-graded road of a hundred miles, Ouray appeared, rich in the precious metals and likely to be the Bethesda of those high mountain towns, its altitude being about the same as Manitou, while it abounds in medicinal springs and has a broad, fertile valley, the granary and larder of all that region. Beautiful Ouray! promising in a few years to number its inhabitants by many thousands.

At another point of the compass was Howardville, boasting of the most elevated wagon road on the continent; and Burroughs Park, with the thriving camps of Telluride and Argentine, in close proximity to Capitol and Animas cities, and Eureka and Animas Forks, with their magnificent canons and rich mineral treasures, already being brought out by the miner and refined in the smelting and reduction works, only at that time in their infancy.

At all these points, initiatory steps were taken for future missionary work whenever the way should be open for it, and strong young men were ready to go, and the churches were ready to support them, as they should hold these forts for the Master, doing thereby a grand and glorious work for the future of the Nation and the world.

While returning from the San Juan regions, we passed vast mountains of sand a little to the left, and peculiar as changing their height from time to time, not unfrequently varying as much as two hundred feet in the space of six months. There was quite a group of these, and the matter of **altitudinal** superiority depended upon the wind. As this might chance to veer **around some point**, or suck through some opening, depression or elevation followed.

Now the king of the group, as head and shoulders above the rest, lay at the north; three months more, and the east might gain the day; still later, and the west might be the chief captain. The fickleness of the wind seemed to decide which should be monarch of these sand mountains.

How many crownings there are in this world by fickleness no more significant!

But leaving the stage and taking passage on the Rio Grande narrow guage, a point was soon reached over which the cars had but just commenced running, showing the most wonderful railroad engineering in the country, if not in the world—a point on the side of the mountain nine thousand three hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea, and nearly a thousand feet above the base of the mountain, more than twice as high as Trinity church steeple in New York city.

A glance to the left exhibited a fearful chasm, two or three hundred feet deep. Away below, on the plain, was seen the same narrow gauge running parallel with the point over which we were gliding along, on the side of the broken mountain above the precipice, and amid giant rocks and granite cliffs, through which man had made a great highway of travel.

It is no weakness to confess to a slight touch of dizziness, as we peered down into the fearful abyss. This natural soliloquy followed:

"If this doesn't beat all!"

"The Alps are nothing!"

"Cloud-topped peaks are nothing!"

"These narrow-gauge railroads can be built anywhere, it seems!"

But how in the world could we get down there? The answer was in turning, and twisting about, and passing around several points called mule-shoe curves, and descending at a grade of two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile, when at length the bottom was reached, and with a sort of amazement we looked back towards the clouds, far above the tops of mighty pine trees, to see where we came from a little while before.

Yankee skill, with the help of English and German capital, is sure at no distant day to drive the iron horse in every direction over the rugged paths of the Rockies and the Sierras, making a highway for commerce through mighty gorges and over snowy ranges, wherever promise of returns shall justify the outlay. A trip to Georgetown and over the Veta Pass, is proof sufficient. Tourists by hundreds of thousands must be attracted to these places when they shall become more generally known.

Stopping on the way to see the Grand Canon, the grandest of all the grand ones, ten miles long and two thousand feet deep, a look down into the everlasting abyss was well nigh overwhelming. One man, of reverent spirit, as he uncovered his head and stood in mute astonishment for a moment or

two, as if trying to frame some suitable expression, simply exclaimed at length, "The Great Eternal!"

Coal, iron, gypsum, hot and sulphur springs exist in great abundance in this locality, and the climate is mild and healthy.

At a town which had taken for itself a bright and glorious name—Sunshine, a mining mountain town a few miles beyond Boulder—the people were found earnestly desirous of stated preaching. A Sabbath school had been started, and a liberal-minded Baptist doctor, the beloved physician of the town, was zealous in the good work, and ready to co-operate in any feasible movement for the promotion of Christian morals in that new community. One of Mr. Moody's converts in Boston the winter before was found there, true to his profession, and "known and read of all men." At the preaching service, the next Sabbath, the large school house overflowed with intelligent and earnest Sunshiners, and arrangements were made to supply them with regular preaching thereafter.

Within half an hour after reaching this place, I was summoned to a little mining town reached by a road so rugged that it took three hours with two good horses to go five miles, to attend the funeral of a little boy eight years' old, who had died very suddenly, leaving the parents almost distracted in their bereavement. The father was regarded as the wickedest man in all the camp. He was terribly profane, and he taught his child to swear, and laughed at his obscene and shocking language; but when God came and laid his hand on that boy, the father said, "Get a minister of the Gospel, if you can find one, and bring him here and have him preach a funeral sermon in my house."

As I entered the rude abode I was greeted most cordially, and hot, scalding tears streamed down the father's face.

The mother brought the Bible, dusty with disuse, but showing on the fly leaf a parting gift from a Christian father, in his far-off Eastern home. She told me of her early life, talked of her boy, "But, oh!" she said, "we haven't lived as we should."

She was inconsolable. I tried as best I could to meet her needs in this day of such unexpected sorrow, and they promised to study God's word, and find out more fully the way of life and peace through Christ.

At the close of these services, six stalwart soldiers acted as pall bearers, passing up on foot to the burial place through a steep, narrow way, where none but footmen could go.

The next day I was asked by a young man and his wife, who the day before had followed to the grave their little twin children, with no opportunity for religious services, to say something at the meeting on the Sabbath which would be suitable, as it seemed too heathenish to pass over such an occasion with no recognition of God, and no Christian burial. It was a touching appeal from those parents, and I answered it as best I could.

Early one Sabbath morning a rap at my door aroused me, and as I asked "What's wanted," the answer was, "A man below wishes to see you." Hurrying down, good Mr. Woolcot, of Gold Hill, three miles above, was waiting with his pony.

"I've come down to have you go up and hold a meeting at our place this morning at half past ten o'clock," he said.

"But how can I get there?"

"On this pony."

"Then how will you get back?"

"Walk."

"How shall I be here for the meeting this afternoon?"

"I'll get you here in time."

And so I went, riding the pony up a mountain so steep that I came near slipping off behind several times. After a while, as I insisted upon changing with this excellent brother, and letting him ride part of the way, "Not a bit of it," was the answer, "I must ride all the way," and the master of the pony *would* walk, while the sun poured down hot rays that made him look, by the time he reached the top, as if he had been drenched by a shower.

By an hour's notice of the meeting, word being sent to every house, at the appointed time, the school room was well filled with intelligent and earnest Gold Hillers.

Here, too, they had a Sabbath school, and arrangements were made to supply this place with preaching once each Sabbath. It was said that in 1864 Gold Hill had a population of about a thousand souls, but the mines not turning out as well as they expected, they all left but one man. Ten years after newer and richer discoveries were made, and soon the mountain was honeycombed with prospect holes, nearly all of them yielding something, and some of them being very rich. Sufficient capital and the right kind of machinery were only wanted to develop large wealth in that region.

As one from the top of the mountain looked off in different directions from three to ten miles around, he could see Sunshine, Gold Hill, Magnolia, Ward, and several other towns and mining camps, each with from fifty to two hun-

dred people, and each expecting to grow to a town of importance, and needing certainly the Gospel from the beginning, if we would hope for the best in after years. It was gratifying to find in those mountain towns such a spirit of Christian union on the part of the people. "Give us good men, who can interest and instruct us," they would say, "and that's the main thing."

Are the leaders of the different churches as united as this?

At the temporary terminus of the Rio Grande Railroad was found a population of about eight hundred, with no religious privileges, and but two professing Christians, a couple of women, who had once been members of a Presbyterian church. There were fourteen saloons under full blast, day and night, Sabbaths and all, and two large dance houses, a hundred feet deep and proportionately wide, with the general fixtures for dark deeds of sin all complete.

Arrangements were made for three services on the Sabbath—morning and evening in one of the public houses, and afternoon in one of the dance houses. The proprietor of the hotel was very cordial and hearty in arranging a room, saying as he did so, "My parents were good, Christian people, and I know what's right, if I don't always do it."

Thus they had the first religious meeting in the new town, while the sound of the saw and hammer could be distinctly heard on every side, as the work in general went forward quite as briskly on the Sabbath as on any other day. The keeper of the dance house also declared, "I was brought up religiously, my parents were good people, and I know what's right, whether I practice it or not."

He fitted up the seats in good style, came to ask me before

services commenced if there was anything more that I needed, apologized for not having his decanters covered up as he had intended to, sent his barkeeper forward with a pitcher of ice water, and said, "I wish you to feel perfectly at home, and use any liberty that you would anywhere."

Whether this was to salve over a guilty conscience, or out of respect to the memory of his parents, it showed the effects of early religious training, certainly.

Several familiar hymns being sung, the audience began to assemble, most of them straggling in with the inevitable cigar or pipe under full puff, the hardest looking set of men that are often gathered together in a religious meeting, surely—red faced, purple nosed, unkempt—rough specimens, truly! At one end of the hall was a bar, with its bottles and glasses, of various sizes and colors; at the other end an orchestra, with piano, base viol, guitar, and several smaller instruments of music, while the walls were adorned with pictures perfectly in keeping with a place of this kind. About seventy-five men of the sort described composed the audience. As soon as the meeting commenced they stopped their smoking, pulled off their hats, and, in answer to a request, arose and stood during the first singing and prayer.

They were reverent and orderly, with the exception of one stalwart fellow, who was so "set up" with bad whiskey that he made a little speech as he entered the room, and occasionally threw in a few interjections here and there, his companions hissing him when he did so, while I kept right on as if nothing unusual was occurring. A few of the men sat a while, and then walked quietly out, as much as to say, "We don't care to hear." Most of them remained till the

meeting closed, and now and then tears were seen to start from the eyes of those rough and dissipated men. At the last singing, and as the benediction was pronounced, they all stood again, when a few of them walked to the bar and took a drink, but many of them waited and shook hands with me, and quietly left the hall, practically saying, as Agrippa said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," and, with Felix, trembling as the great apostle "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come."

The issues of that service under such peculiar circumstances belong to God, and eternity only can show the results.

A few months' life and a little missionary work in the wonderfully tonic atmosphere of the centennial State, and the command seemed to be, "Go plead for that college," whose site a few years before was one of the camping grounds of the Ute Indian, as he chased his game over the plains and through the mountains. At this time a town of several thousand people had grown up, while more than twenty-five miles of trees lined the artificial water courses that went babbling along through the well-graded streets, some of which were two miles long, as straight as an arrow, and as smooth and solid as a pavement. Pike's Peak, with its rugged sides of green, gray, and reddish tints, and the summit clad in perpetual snow, looked as if one could walk to the top and back before breakfast, though a whole day on horseback was needed for this.

Manitou, close by, with its medicinal waters, was already a place of no inconsiderable resort for invalids and pleasure seekers.

The Garden of the Gods was a marvel to all visitors.

Cheyenne Canon, Queen's Canon, Glen Eyrie, Williams Canon, Ute Pass, and the petrified forests, were all full of interest to one who loves nature and reads "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones." But more than all, that wonderful, exhaustless pharmon that puts to the blush the wisdom and skill of all the doctors of the world, was beginning to interest suffering thousands.

What a place for a Christian college! It was indeed strategic.

Colorado, with the grandest mountain scenery in the world; New Mexico on the south, with its hundred and twenty-five thousand Spanish-speaking people, and a well organized corps of Jesuits; Utah, with eighty thousand Mormons; Nevada, unsurpassed for its silver mines; Arizona, with its wonderfully salubrious climate; Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, containing the richest of pasture grounds; Old Mexico, a southern neighbor, through which the Rio Grande Railroad was soon to pass on its way to the city of the ancient Montezumas; many Indian tribes here and there, and the mighty rush of emigration into those regions every year, among them all sorts of adventurers, showed plainly enough that a great moral conflict must be waged on that soil.

Five hundred miles, the nearest point to any other Christian college, and a thousand miles to a theological seminary, while nearly a hundred students had already knocked for admission to this seat of learning, among them several young men looking forward to the Gospel ministry, were enough surely to make the energetic, indomitable president enthusi-

astic in his work. No wonder that his blood boiled and his bones waxed hot as he saw the needs and tried to grasp the future possibilities of that land. No wonder that men and women who were intrusted with the Lord's money, and were asking how best to use it, were so ready to respond when their eyes were opened to the truth. Said a young Christian gentleman of business: "Here's a check of a hundred dollars to-day; call again in a week or two, and I think I may be able to do more."

Said another: "I shall be busy till nine o'clock this evening; if you'll come then, I shall be glad to learn more of your mission." As he responded to the ringing of his door bell with a hearty welcome, at the time appointed, he seemed as much absorbed in the welfare of the college as he could have been in the railroad business of the early evening.

"Please be seated; I'm glad to see you; am interested in your work; shall be glad to do something for it now, and more, perhaps, by and by. Business you know is dull; I'm making nothing at present, hardly meeting expenses, but I wish to help forward a cause with so much promise," responded a wholesale dealer, and his check was not slow in filling out.

"I've read the papers you sent me with great interest, and can do but little now," as a check of two hundred dollars was given, with the prospect of more by and by, was the greeting of another.

"It's the eleventh call that I've received this forenoon; it's so nearly every day. People think I'm rich because I give away so much, but I'm not rich by any means," responded one whose heart was so much bigger than his purse. "Never-

theless I shall not send you away entirely empty handed. Your object is an important one, and I wish my check was ten times as large as it is."

"In addition to this," remarked another, as he handed out his generous gift, "I shall remember your cause and do what I can for it in the future."

These are specimens, and the day cannot be far distant when some of the Lord's stewards will hear the Master saying, "Make a large endowment to this seat of learning," and when the joyful donors are striking their harps of praise around the great white throne, future generations will rise up and call them blessed.

CHAPTER XI.

The *Major Domine*—The Heroine—Remarkable History—Gospel Trophies—Afraid of the Storms—Providential Delays—Sabbatarian—Faithful Witness—Service in the Grove—Shot Dead—Swift Vengeance—Worse than Heathen—Brule Sioux.

Being called to organize a church in a new settlement, where six months before there was nothing but bare prairie for a dozen miles in every direction, a population was found within a radius of convenient nearness for public worship, of three hundred people, among them a hundred voters. They had built a sod school house, with a board roof and floor, the first and only one in a county nearly or quite as large as the State of Rhode Island; had given county warrants for the most improved modern seats, blackboard and charts, and had already held three months' school.

The teacher was one of the heroines that the broad prairies of the West seem to develop now and then. With her small cooking stove, cupboard and cot, she boarded herself in this humble room where she taught. By the gallantry of the larger lads, whose favor she easily won, water was brought from the well of a neighboring homesteader, whose unpretentious mansion consisted partly of sod from the prairie, and partly from the lumber of dry goods boxes, while the fuel for cooking purposes was from the twisted grass of a ravine near by.

Here a church of twelve members was organized, a little

band of men and women as devoted as the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. Before they had even finished their own sod shanties, they said, "We must have a place for school and church," and so they built. A small melodeon was found in the neighborhood, and borrowed for the day, with three or four worn copies of the Moody and Sankey hymn books, part of them No. 1 and part No. 2. The singing on that occasion was believed to be about as good as that enjoyed by half the churches in the land.

But who was the pastor of this little flock? He gave a brief account of himself. His mother early designed him for the ministry. As far back as he could remember, she used to pray, with her hand on his head, that the Lord would make him a preacher of the Gospel. He always believed that those prayers would be answered. In his studies, in all his plans, he kept that thought in mind. When asked, as children often are, what he was going to make of himself, he invariably answered, "A minister." After the war broke out he enlisted as a private, then captain, then major, which latter office he held till the close of the war. His relations were such as to bring him into intimate contact with General Grant. Having under him a man of marked ability and success as a spy, one of those very few men of fate, evidently born to run the most wonderful escapes, always going on the errands to which he was sent, and always succeeding, as if guided by a divine hand, he called the attention of his general to him, and so the man was continued in the business to the close of the war, achieving some of the most brilliant feats in his line that history has ever recorded.

"Make a book," said Grant to the major, the dominie of

the pioneer sod school house, "and give an account of your marvelous spy hero. It will be a fortune to you."

So he wrote the book, and after expending on it all that he was worth, six or seven thousand dollars, it was fraudulently wrested from him and re-published in New York city, under the title, "The Great American Scout." But our poor parson got none of the profits. He shook the tree, and sharpers gathered the fruit.

All this time he was a man of the world, and yet the feeling lingered with him that he was, somehow, to be a minister of the Gospel. The prayers of his sainted mother would certainly be answered.

After an honorable record in the field and the camp, at the end of the war he returned home, procured a small farm, built a house, and hardly more than saw it completed before it vanished in fire and smoke. Nothing was left.

Soon after this he gave his heart to God, and by the advice of friends on every hand, began to preach the Gospel in by-places, country school houses, and districts where no religious opportunities were enjoyed, acting as a lay preacher, and often seeing the fruits of his labors in the conversion of souls. A year or two more, and he was licensed and ordained, and had the pleasure of gathering several churches and building several houses of worship. Though sadly worn by war, and impoverished by heartless scoundrels, scorched by fire, and marked by the silver touches of time, he was found at the very front, working away with all the vigor of a young man—a preacher of more than average ability and tact in meeting the difficulties so numerous in the frontier missionary work. His wife was a refined and cultivated lady,

and his children as noble and worthy as one often meets. Their sanctuary we have noticed; but what of their own home? It was simply a sod house, and only a week or two before my visit was favored with so much as the luxury of a floor other than the ground.

Did they not deserve a better equipment in their holy warfare at the front?

In another field was a brave worker, who had but a dollar in his pocket when he entered college, but he graduated with honors, took a thorough theological course; studied medicine; received the title of M. D.; did genuine home missionary work in New York and Michigan; acted, for a time, as the secretary of the Sabbath School and Publishing Society, in Boston; then served as the children's missionary in Chicago; was for four years at the head of the reform school of the city; introduced the moral-suasion theory into the school; went to Germany and Scotland to urge the same valuable changes in the old world that he had already inaugurated in the new; superintended the State Reform School of Michigan; declined an urgent invitation to take the oversight of an asylum for imbeciles in Boston; was reduced to the most extreme poverty while waiting for another field of labor; taught a small Latin school for a brief period, and afterward acted as principal of a school in South Carolina; was chosen superintendent of the contrabands in Washington; was thrown out of this position by the never-ceasing whirligig of politics; was again reduced to the most grinding poverty; was given the position of third auditor in Washington, on a salary of \$1,300, then \$1,400, and at length \$1,600 a year; was intimately associated with such men as Chase, Hamlin,

Wadsworth and Wilson—warm friends of his; was again persecuted for righteousness' sake, and ousted from his place; was called to superintend the building grounds of Howard University; suggested the name of that institution; acted as its librarian, had charge of the large art gallery, putting into it from his own meager earnings more than \$400 worth of paintings, was appointed lecturer on Biblical antiquities and Bible lands; was chosen a trustee of the college, and secretary of the executive committee; and, when crowded out of these positions, went to Florida in hopes of doing missionary work there, but not receiving an appointment, went to Rockford, Ill.; preached here and there and held Bible readings in by and obscure places, as opportunity offered, and at last reached the land of the Dakotas, saying: "I have come not to seek land, but to preach the Gospel, and do the Lord's work just where he would have me do it."

He took one of the smallest fields, twenty miles from a railroad, and here he continued for six long years, gaining the love and esteem of all the people. Converts to righteousness were continually multiplied, and wonderful changes followed.

His people were poor and his salary was small, but he was highly honored, and universally regarded as one of nature's noblemen—a true philanthropist, an ardent patriot, a sincere, genuine Christian, a friend to everybody.

The older people called him father, and the little ones knew him only as grandfather. He built a beautiful church, with blinds, bell, and everything complete, without asking aid from the Union, and what was better still, had a glorious revival, and admitted a goodly number of new-born souls into

the fellowship of the saints soon after the dedication of the church. He trusted in God with all the simplicity of a little child, was great in humility, and grand in his strong faith and Christian devotion.

On a certain occasion, before coming to Dakota, he lived for weeks on corn bread alone, and when completely out of food at one time, he took his case to the Lord in the most fervent, earnest prayer.

Before rising from his knees, a man rapped at the door, and waited with two nice chickens, which he received as a direct and quick answer from his heavenly Father.

On another occasion, wishing very much to attend a meeting of the association, but having no money with which to go, he packed his valise, got ready, put on his overcoat, took the matter to the Lord, and rising from his knees walked over to the court house to do a little errand, when he was handed two five-dollar bills by the county clerk—money which had just come to pay for some school work which he had done in the district the summer before.

He immediately replied, "The Lord has heard me," and rushing out across the street to his house, and holding up the money in his hand, he cried out in great exultation, "He's sent it, He's sent it;" upon which, the stage almost immediately drove up, and seizing his valise, and saying to his wife and children, "Good bye, good bye," he got aboard, and was soon on his way to the meeting which he had so greatly desired to attend, and for which he had so earnestly sought the Lord.

Many such instances could be given of his implicit faith in God, and of the way the Lord heard and answered his prayers.

"I was easily impressed with Gospel truth when a mere child," said one, in a revival meeting of quiet but deep interest; he had always prayed, and could not date the time of his first hope, but when he felt compelled to reveal his feelings to some one, he wrote them out, slipped them into his father's hands, and darted out of sight as quickly as possible.

His father met him an hour or two afterward with tearful eyes and choking voice, weeping for very joy.

He kindly talked with him, and from that very hour he began to walk in the light. In a few months he stood up in the large assembly to profess Christ, and assent to a long series of abstract doctrinal statements, that he did not then understand, had not yet fully mastered, and never really expected to. Had he been helped by Christian friends, he might have found the light much sooner, and had the church creed possessed more of Christ and less of metaphysics, it would have brought comfort to his sad heart. "Oh, talk to the children of these things," he said, "in a simple, free and earnest manner, and try to lead them early to Christ."

Another told of how he and a few of his mates used to go to the school house for prayer meetings, going first to the minister's house for the key; and though the minister knew what it was for, he never uttered a word of encouragement, or acted as if he thought it possible for children to have any proper conception of religious things, or to be capable of becoming the friends of Christ. For years and years he groped in the dark, when some earnest Christian friend might have brought him quick relief.

"Don't forget the children," he reiterated, "for they understand more than we think."

Another told of going away to school, meeting Christian people, attending the prayer meeting, obtaining a hope, beginning to pray, and writing home, when, by the grace of God, his letter was the means of the conversion of his father, mother, brothers and sisters. "Yes," he rejoined, "children and young people can comprehend these things."

Another, a young man, who was holding an important official trust in the community, left home when a mere lad, crossed the Atlantic, and settled in the far West. As he bade adieu to his friends, the last words of his mother were, "Don't forget your God, my dear boy; pray to him every day, and read the Bible always."

"I seem to see her now," he said, "as I saw her when I looked back, as I was about to pass over the hill to be forever out of her sight, as she stood in the open door, straining her eyes to catch a last glimpse of her departing son. I hear her last words, 'Don't forget your God!' But, oh! I did forget. The excitement and whirl of business in the great city of the lakes banished from me everything serious. There was no place left for the Bible, or God, or prayer, or hardly a thought for my dear, aged mother."

"For seven long years she had lost track of me, but by some means she discovered my whereabouts, and a few days ago I received a letter from her. It ended as all her letters used to years before, by exhorting me to become a Christian. For a moment serious thoughts possessed me, and for the first time in many years, I tried to pray. As I was going to my office that night, a friend overtook me and invited me to go to the prayer meeting. The truth impressed me. The Holy Spirit strove with me. The next night I asked the

prayers of Christian friends. By the grace of God I am now repentant. The prayers of my mother, the Lord hearing, saved me."

Another was called at the age of twelve to shift for himself. His parents were poor, but they left him a rich legacy in the unassuming piety that pervaded his childhood home. He should never forget the daily prayers of his parents, as they bowed together in token of their faith in God.

"Don't forget the family altar," he emphasized. "It will be a sweet and holy savor to the children all through life."

Another, a man of splendid physique and musical voice, had been a captain on the lakes for twenty-five years, a very profane man, and excessively fond of playing poker, which had consumed much of his time and led to gaming, "for what's the use of playing unless you gamble?" he said. It was such a passion with him, that he feared he could not give it up. So he went to the Lord, and asked Him to take away his love for the game. The Lord heard, and from that day the charm was all gone, and he hadn't the slightest desire for it any longer.

"Come, captain," his old cronies would say, as they might chance to meet him now and then, "let's have a game."

"No, no more of that; I'm through with that business."

"Ah! How long is this going to last, captain?"

"Just as long as I stay here."

"But, oh! I'm amazed when I think of God's forbearance with me. When I was once caught in a tempest, while passing through the straits of Mackinaw, as I stood throwing the lead and line, not daring to trust any one else at so critical a time, and thinking that every moment might be

the last, I said in my sore distress: Save me, carry me through, oh God, and I'll serve Thee the rest of my life; I surely will!

"And what do you think? The Lord took me at my word, and my vessel was the only one that went through. All the rest were lost — passengers, cargo, everything!

"And then, can you believe it, I went back on the Lord! Oh, if you knew how mean I had acted, you would be ready to hoot me out, I do believe."

"Perhaps the rest of us," said the pastor, "could offset it; we're all of the same craft, till we surrender to the Great Captain of our Salvation."

For this man, also, the prayers of a Christian mother never ceased.

These and other similar cases point back to early religious training in some way. Surely, childhood life is the seed time, and praying fathers and mothers prepare the way for the ingathering of souls into the kingdom of glory.

In one field was a lad who was very much afraid of the storms, that sometimes raged with terrible fury. His cheeks blanched before the thunder cloud, and the blizzard and the tempest were a great terror to him. Whenever they prevailed he would rush down cellar. Weeks and months passed, and the cellar was often his place of refuge.

But after a while his fears departed. He remained quietly *in* the house, instead of *under* it, when the storm came.

"How is this? What has happened?" said one and another of the family. At length he revealed the secret.

"Mother," he said one day, "I'm not afraid of the storms any more. Since I found Christ I feel perfectly safe."

And when the dark thunder clouds rolled together in mad fury, and the lightnings gleamed and flashed down upon the plains, he was unmoved. Whether in the house, or under it, or out in the storm, it made no difference to him.

What a power is the grace of Christ in the soul, and how significant, in view of such instances, are the words: "Born again," "A new creature," and the like?

In one field a good providence delayed for several weeks the organization of a church, much to our regret at the time. The most violent storms hindered. It was thus on two occasions; and so, shut up to the necessities of the case, an opportunity was furnished the first time to secure invaluable aid from a family of large influence, whose help was very much needed.

The next time another family whose hospitality was being shared was induced, as the subject of religious obligation was discussed, to commence household religion, ask blessings at their meals, read the Bible, and set up the family altar. It was a new departure in that prairie home, but resulted in great good to the parents, and still greater good to the children, two of whom soon arose for prayers in a public meeting, and signified their wish to become the followers of Christ.

At the third trial for organization, it was found that a Sabatarian had set up his tent, and for two weeks had been holding forth day and night, calling the people from far and near.

What should be done?

Divide the little company into two services at the same hour?

It would lend to envious remark on the part of many, look

like unwise opposition, and do more harm than good. Hence it was proposed to make the tent the place of general rendezvous for the day. The Sabbatarian was to speak in the morning and a brother missionary who was with me, and myself, in the afternoon.

So, to a small audience, as it happened, the man of the tent held forth with great vehemence, presenting his most marked peculiarities and challenging an answer. But controversy was avoided and he dismissed the meeting, evidently much chagrined at our apparently stupid indifference.

It was our turn next. At the appointed hour the tent was well filled, and a most enthusiastic home missionary meeting was held, the discourses showing what God had wrought in this land in the planting of Christian churches, from Plymouth Rock to the mountain fastnesses and boundless prairies of the West. Hundreds, thousands of Christian churches and schools had been established, and the end was not yet. The audience seemed greatly interested, and when the time came to give a practical turn to the meeting, in imitation of the noble men and women who had gone before, in helping promote Christianity and preserve our institutions of civil liberty, fifteen of the settlers of the new town arose and assented to the constitution and creed which they had chosen; and so another band was added to the bright galaxy of churches that reached from the shores of New England to the pioneer homes of Dakota. No word of discourtesy to the courter of debate was uttered, and the Gospel rule of heaping coals of fire was so thoroughly followed, that the man soon left the town without a single convert. Then the reason for the delay in the organization of the little church of the prairie was seen.


Being called to organize a church on an Indian reservation, in a small town which had sprung up, mushroom like, three hundred miles above, on the banks of the "Big Muddy," as it was sometimes called, I found that 4,000 yoke of oxen and 1,500 span of mules and horses were continually engaged in freighting from this point to the Black Hills.

The people were of divers nationalities and "isms." Americans, Germans, Italians, French, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Bohemians, Irish, Indians and half-breeds were duly represented. All seemed in eager pursuit after the almighty dollar and appeared to care for but little else.

Protestants, Catholics, Spiritualists, Adventists, Universalists, Infidels, Ingersollites, Liberals, Freethinkers, Freelothers and Nothingarians indicated the religious sentiments of the new town. The Sabbath was almost entirely disregarded.

Former members of Christian churches and active workers in the Sabbath school had forgotten their vows to God, and were driving things with high pressure seven days in the week—more furiously, if possible, on the Lord's day than any other. Sometimes from a hundred to a thousand teams would be there at once, loading up and moving out, amid a perfect babble of noisy men, and braying donkeys, lowing oxen, pounding blacksmiths and carpenters, and this seemed a little more common on the Sabbath, if anything, than at other times. The tumult was so great on one occasion, that a minister who happened along and was holding a service was obliged to close the meeting before he had hardly commenced his sermon.

But there was one Christian among that motley company who did not forget. She was a young lady from one of the



mission churches of the Territory. Seeing the need of Christian work, though poor herself, and dependent upon her daily exertions for a livelihood, she had lumber shipped more than three hundred miles for a building, superintending the work herself, and soon had a place where she gathered the children in a Sabbath school, working away quietly but persistently, amid the rough and seething elements that surrounded her. Searching out this earnest Christian toiler, I was soon introduced by her to every family in the place. All were invited to the services the next day, the Sabbath, and nearly all promised to be present. Two good meetings were held in the children's Sabbath school home, a church was organized, a preacher secured, the Sabbath soon began to be better observed, comparative order grew out of chaos, and this spiritual desert soon blossomed like the rose.

It was announced in a new town one day, by posters in the stores and gambling tents, and on the sides of the trees, and in other conspicuous places, that there would be a religious service in a grove just back of the town the next Sabbath morning, at ten o'clock. It was the first gathering of the kind that had ever been held in the place, and when the time came, a hundred and fifty men or so assembled and seated themselves on the logs, and rocks, and ground, and waited for the preacher. The stump of a large tree had been smoothed off for a pulpit, and a Bible and hymn book secured, but where was the minister?

"There he comes, I guess," said one and another, as a man approached in a sort of mining outfit, and yet with somewhat the air of a preacher. And sure enough he was the man.

As a hymn was read, all that could were requested to sing, and how that forest sanctuary resounded with God's praise.

But while the meeting was going on, a little to the left was a sporting company, shooting at a mark. Just at the right were some men hauling logs with a yoke of oxen, rattling their heavy chains with the utmost indifference. A little to the rear were others nailing boards to a house. In another direction was loud and boisterous talking by a group of rough fellows. Right below a few rods the chinking of money in the gambler's tent was distinctly audible. Presently a man came staggering up from a saloon a few rods below, and as he brushed by the minister, he exclaimed, "What, preaching here! I'd like to preach; is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" when he stubbed his toe against a root and down he went, where he lay till the service ended, and was left sole possessor of the ground, as the audience dispersed.

But, notwithstanding these side diversions, it was the beginning of a new era in the history of the place. It took the audience back to the old home churches, where, perhaps, the same prayer which was there sung was going up to the King of Heaven from fathers and mothers and other loved ones far away. The sermon was practical, pointed and earnest, and when the service closed, "Come again," said one and another, as they crowded up to shake hands with the preacher, and testify to an interest in his work.

In a river and railroad town, furnishing special attractions to a large class of desperate fellows, who are quick to scent out such openings, the night before my visit to the place, a

dispute arose between two young men in a dance house, when both of them drew their pistols, and the first to fire shot the other through the heart, killing him instantly. About three hours, and the body of the murdered man was hurried off to a dishonored grave on the side of a hill near by, and the better part of the people seemed to regard it as a good riddance, for both men were desperate characters. The chief regret appeared to be that both did not share the same fate. No arrest of the murderer was made, and the next day he was all about the streets, puffing his cigar with as much unconcern as if he had only shot a mad dog.

A short time after this, as he resisted the authorities, who were trying to arrest him for some misdemeanor, he was surrounded by the "Night Guards," a sort of vigilance committee, formed for the protection of peaceable citizens, and eighteen shots were simultaneously fired at him, sixteen piercing his body, and so ridding the community of another desperado, to the joy of all lovers of peace and good order.

Tributary to this point another town suddenly started up, mushroom like—eleven buildings going up in one week—among them one public house, one dwelling house, one store and eight saloons. Before I had hardly landed at this place, a creature, calling herself a woman, appeared, riding on her horse man fashion, and showing the most brazen demeanor. She dashed through the streets furiously, touching her wide-rimmed slouch hat, and saluting the gaping crowd with all the self-possession imaginable. A little farther on were two men pretty well "over the seas," and, apparently wishing to create a sensation, one of them pulled off his hat and held it up at full length, while the other man, reeling and cursing,

drew his revolver and put through it several bullet holes; both men using their pistols with about as little caution as children would their potato popguns.

It was good missionary ground surely.

While returning homeward some time after this, six Indian warriors, Brule Sioux, were brought aboard the boat at one of the agencies. They were said to have stolen some horses and killed a white man. The poetic names of these gentlemen were, Turning Bear, Gray Dog, Bad Thunder, Bear Man, Horned Horse, and Two Calves. They were decked out with paint and feathers and the gayest kind of fixings, and guarded by a dozen colored soldiers. They did not look like very bad men, and certainly were no worse than the murderous and drunken whites that swarm in many frontier towns, though they had been born and brought up in savagery.

A few miles further, and another Indian, a half or quarter breed, was brought aboard a prisoner, charged with killing somebody.

What but the Gospel will suffice for the lifting up of such degraded humanity wherever found?

CHAPTER XII.

Wonderful Railroad Building—A Nation Born in a Day—All Kinds—The Famous Hunters—Young Plowmen—Hunting Chickens by Railroad—Another Little Boy's Prayer Answered—Christmas Present—Lost Book—Happy Overrulings—Church Building—Journeying under Difficulties—Prayer Answered—Hard to Get and Keep Men—Asking God—Forward—March—Halt.

In the James river valley, as one would naturally say in New England—in the Jim, as they would say out there—fifteen hundred miles of railroad were projected, and nine hundred miles of it completed, in a single year, and this through regions comparatively unknown twelve months before. It was marvelous to see how the work went forward. Great, mammoth machines were used, to each of which were attached twelve span of mules or horses, these machines tearing into the ground and throwing up an embankment for a railroad bed for more than a hundred miles in length, while in other places squads of men worked with their plows and scrapers. Once in about a dozen miles a town site was projected. Depots, hotels, stores, saloons, blacksmith shops, carpenter shops, dwelling houses and the like went up like magic.

For the time being, great railroad kings seemed to rule in those new regions, and everybody cheerfully submitted to the new order of things.

At a point similar to scores of places, the sanctuary for the Sabbath was a little rough structure of one room, containing

a bed, a cooking stove and a family of five persons, while it served as a public house also, where no less than thirty or forty people took their meals, and eight or ten men crowded up to their bunks for the night in a little attic so low that they could not begin to stand up straight, and where railroad magnates, homesteaders, bricklayers, carpenters, well diggers and missionary packed themselves away for sleep and rest, all good natured, and all glad to get as good quarters as this, even.

It was a wonderful departure in the settling up of a new country. The most gigantic railroad building, with nothing but the right of way, which sometimes had to be purchased, went in advance of civilization, and challenged the world to come and select free farms where a market was furnished before there was time to raise a crop, and where facilities for a speedy transit to the great centers of the East were provided at once.

Thus suddenly did the engine whistle wake the prairies where hitherto the Indian war whoop and the crack of the red man's rifle had been the principal music.

Surely a nation was born in a day. The wild prairies quickly blossomed like the rose.

The ground strewn with the bleaching bones of the buffalo soon exhibited fruitful fields of wheat and corn; and the antelope and deer gave way to herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

Thousands of farms were everywhere taken, as a gift from Uncle Sam. On the day of the opening of a new land office, 200,500 acres of land were entered. At another office, 16,000 acres were entered for two days in succession.

Towns sprang up as if by magic. Little claim houses and sod shanties dotted over vast regions comparatively unknown six months before. Men selected their lands of as rich soil as the sun ever shone on right by the side of magnificent railroads, in many instances close to well-built depots.

At an extemporized meeting, where thirteen men had gathered at an Irishman's shanty, storm bound while journeying, it was found that ten States, Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee being among them, were represented, and nearly as many religious faiths, while, as to politics, Republicans, Democrats and Greenbackers were all there.

Sabbath desecration, intemperance and general lawlessness naturally abounded more or less under such circumstances, and yet probably no country was ever settled up with so good a class of people as a whole. While nearly all the nations of the earth, and nearly all religions and politics were represented, the genuine Anglo-American element was a large and dominant factor in that heterogeneous mass of humanity, and, under the Gospel and the Christian school, with the blessing of God, was able to permeate the whole body, and build up a mighty State, loyal to the King of Heaven.

Many of the peoples who went into those newly-opening regions were intelligent, wide-awake peoples, had seen much of the world, were no strangers to culture, and were versed in many of the arts and sciences, while some of them were graduates of the higher schools and universities of this and other lands. There were not many like the two famous hunters, represented as saying, when asked if there were any Presbyterians about there, that they "didn't think there were

any of them critters in the mountains; they hadn't shot any of them," evidently supposing that a Presbyterian was some kind of a wild animal. No; most of the people were well informed, intellectually, at least, touching moral and religious things, as well as those of agriculture, mining, hunting, and other matters of interest pertaining to the country.

It was an interesting sight to see two young plowmen, fresh from the field, take their respective places at the piano, one of the cherished articles retained as they went forth from the great city to retrieve their fortunes, and play and sing with a dignity and grace that would have put to the blush many a pretender, who very likely a moment before would have pronounced these young fellows, with their callous hands and their heavy plow boots, and living in a sod house, too, as nothing but miserable clodhoppers.

Surely the best men, the ablest men, and men well equipped, with a house to live in and a comfortable support, were needed in the very outset to toil in such fields. And yet, sad to say, it was often true that there was no church building, no parsonage, and a starvation kind of salary.

As I was the only passenger on the train of a new railroad one day, and a "dead head" at that, the president of the road having sent me a free pass for the year a few days before, I felt for the moment that a great railroad corporation was giving me a whole train to myself, as I was going about the country to help forward the Lord's work. The passage of scripture which speaks of kings and queens as "nursing fathers and mothers" in the days of the millenium, came to mind. But we had gone only two or three stations when another man and two boys got aboard, and after a little the

conductor came around and said, pointing to a little knoll at the right, "Boys, I think there are some prairie chickens over there; I'll stop the train and try to shoot some of them if you'll get out and scare them up," to which we agreed, and in a moment, six nice, plump chickens were brought down. A few miles further, and the conductor came again, and said: "Boys"—both of the men were old enough to be his father—"Boys, boys!" he said, as his eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect, "I think there are more chickens just over there a little way," pointing to the left; "shall we try it again, boys?" "Yes," we said, and this time four beautiful birds were shot.

It was a queer style of railroading, and the thought of "kings and queens as nursing fathers and mothers" was somewhat dissipated by the crack and smoke of the conductor's shot gun, though I was grateful for a free pass, and used it as best I could to help forward the King's work.

This road was soon well patronized, and did not longer rely upon one poor, unpaying missionary as its sole passenger for a part of the way, or even upon hunting prairie chickens as a matter of profit to the stockholders or pastime to the sportsmanlike conductor.

In an out-station Sabbath school, at one time, the superintendent was very sick. Several doctors had been to see him, and he had taken a good deal of medicine, yet without help. He thought he must die. He could eat nothing, and was very nervous and restless.

One night as his little boy, four years of age, knelt and prayed, as he always did before going to bed, he remained on his knees a moment after finishing his prayer, and then turning to his father a pitiful look, he asked, "Are you very sick, papa?"

"Yes, my son, I'm very sick."

"Can't the doctors and the medicines make you well, papa?"

"No, my child," was the answer.

"Well," he said, still remaining on his knees, "I'll ask God to cure you;" and, closing his eyes, he very deliberately prayed: "O God, my dear papa is very sick; please make my papa well again, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Immediately rising up, he bade his father good night, and was soon in his bed fast asleep.

"From that moment," said the father, as he was telling the story, "I began to get better, and am now well and strong. I believe the Lord heard that prayer and restored me."

In another school, a little girl found Christ, and wished her father to become a Christian, too. But he was not interested in the least. He did not even attend Sabbath school or church. He was willing his little girl should go, and would sometimes give her pennies to put into the contribution box, but that was all. As Christmas drew near, this little girl wanted to make her father a present, and so she worked a beautiful motto with different kinds of bright colors, using the words she had learned in the Sabbath school: "In God is our trust;" and, getting it framed, she put it on the Christmas tree for her father. He was much pleased with it, because it was the work of his little daughter. As she carried it home, she gave it the best place in the house, and kept it always in sight.

A few weeks passed, and while this little girl was praying that her father might become a Christian, so as to have the

motto as true in his case as it was in her's, all of a sudden the father was taken ill, and confined to the house and bed for several days.

But the Christmas gift of his child was continually before him.

One day, rising up from his bed very suddenly, he said to his wife: "We're acting a lie all the time; that motto up there," pointing to it, as the tears came to his eyes, "says, 'In God is our trust.' Now," he said, "let us make that motto true;" and he began to pray from that very time. He became a sincere Christian. The prayers of his child were answered, and the Christmas present helped accomplish what she wanted. The father went to the Sabbath school and church. He read the Bible and prayed every day. A few weeks, and father, mother and child stood up together in the house of God, and professing Christ, united with His church.

How significant was that bright motto as it hung on the wall at home, telling how God hears the prayers of children when they seek Him with faith and good works, as this little girl did.

Another bright pet in still a different field had lost her school book—a book full of beautiful pictures and pleasant stories. She hunted all over the house, and in the wood shed, and out in the yard, and down by the brook where she sometimes played, but could find nothing of it. Meeting her pastor about this time, a kind-hearted man, whose face was always full of sunshine, and whom the children loved dearly, she ran up to him and said, "Grandpa"—they all called him "grandpa"—"I've lost my book, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Have you looked for it?" he said. "Have you been out to the barn and down by the brook? have you looked all about the yard?"

"Yes," she said, "I've looked everywhere; what shall I do, grandpa?"

"You must ask the Lord to help you find it."

On hearing this, she ran into the house and said to her mother, who sat there sewing:

"Mother, grandpa says I must ask the Lord to help me find my book. Do you think He would help me if I should ask Him?"

"Perhaps He would," the mother said, and she immediately knelt down by the side of her mother and asked Him.

And as she said Amen, an exultant cry was heard in another room, and in bounded her little brother, saying, "I've found it! I've found it!" and the faith of pastor, mother and child was greatly strengthened. After that, they could all sing with a little more feeling than usual:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to Him in prayer."

Caught in a severe storm, a hundred miles from a railroad and three hundred miles from the place of destination, it became a question how to get through in time, the importance of which never had seemed so great before. The stage was late. The only way was to wait. Two hours, four hours, twelve o'clock, and no stage came. It was a howling night. The wind blew with unusual fury, and the little shanty shook before the blasts of the northwest. The snow began to fall, and before daylight it seemed almost like a first-class

blizzard. So, expecting to be domiciled there for another day, and trying to be as reconciled as possible, all of a sudden the old-fashioned stage horn was heard, and up came a two-horse buckboard, covered with snow and ice, and with seating room for only one passenger, who was already aboard.

"Is that the best you can do to-day?" it was asked.

"The very best, and I'm afraid I can't get through in this way.

If I ever prayed, I'm sure I did then.

"But I want to go very much; I *must* go, if possible," I said.

The man immediately drove away, saying, "I'll be back directly, and see what can be done." A few moments, and up he drove, with the shout, "All aboard for the East!" and, sure enough, he had hired a double-seated platform Studebaker, and in two days, twice the usual time, the depot was reached. But here it was found that the railroad was blocked up. Would it be open the next day? Nobody knew.

While waiting in hope, the day was spent in the new town planning for the building of a church, which, contrary to the expectations of the man who was then supplying, met with a very hearty response from the people, and so encouraged the poor man, that as there was no prospect of removing the blockade for a week, he undertook to drive with me over the country one hundred and fifty miles, so as to be at the meeting, though a little late in getting there. But the roads were fearful, and grew worse and worse.

At the end of the first day's drive it was deemed expedient for the team and my companion in travel to return. So, by taking the stage, a strong two-horse lumber wagon, over

horrible roads, with two changes of horses, forty miles were made late in the evening of the same day.

The next morning, by a freight car on a new railroad just opening, forty miles more were made. Thirty miles yet remained, and if this could be made by night, it would only leave me twenty-four hours late for the meeting.

Hope dawned.

Would the stage go?

Not a bit of it. All the money of a poor missionary surely was no inducement.

Could a livery team be hired?

No; not for half the price of such a team.

If any one wonders, let him encounter the slush, and mud, and snow, and swollen streams of the fag end of a Dakota blizzard, a little while after the barometer begins to fall and the sky throws off its thick, gray covers. There was no way of getting another mile, to all appearances.

But how instructive are the Lord's plans!

At exactly one o'clock and thirty minutes P. M., a team drove up on the opposite side of the street, and a fellow-traveler in the stage the day before, a tobacco-chewing, cigar-smoking, whiskey-drinking, round-faced, jolly chap, called out in his roistering way:

"Hello, there, friend! you man in the carriage over there; are you going to the Falls in that rig?"

"I propose to try it," was the answer.

"Well, my good fellow, here's a man who wants to go very much; come, now, take him in, turn round your establishment, drive up here like a gentleman and take him along, and show a little magnanimity once in your life."

And without another word, to the astonishment of every one, he responded, and I was soon on my way.

Just at lamp lighting the place was reached, and that very night it was revealed that as good Father N—— was leading the meeting in prayer, at precisely the hour of this strange introduction to the man in the carriage across the street, he very earnestly asked that I might get to the meeting that night. What an answer to prayer, and what unlooked-for agents the Lord may use!

It so happened that nine of the men supplying churches under my care almost simultaneously left their charges; one for beating his wife, one for drunkenness, one for taking an active part in a public ball in a frontier town, boasting of his skill at gambling, and other things, *et cetera*, one for sickness, and the rest for providential reasons of various kinds.

From ten to fifteen churches were thus left without supply, at nearly the same time. It was very difficult to get men to fill these vacancies, and to take up new points continually opening. Inadequate support, long distances from home, a section of the country then little known, and other kindred causes hindered.

When, after most strenuous endeavors, on half a dozen or more occasions, it seemed almost certain that good men had been secured, by the very train that was to bring them, word would be sent that they could not come. Some place nearer home had offered larger inducements, or something else prevented. "Truly the harvest was great, the laborers few."

But all of a sudden, a whisper, as it were from the source of all available power, seemed to say, "Ask God."

Did not the Master teach, "Pray without ceasing," and "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest"?

Take the King at His word.

The subject was presented at the church prayer meeting, and elicited deep feeling and earnest supplication. It was carried home to think of and pray over. From this time, an assurance that the need would be supplied took the place of great anxiety, if not of absolute doubt. Almost immediately, applications began to come for work at the frontier, and nine new men, choice and good, came one after another, to occupy important and long-waiting fields. Surely the Lord hears His people. But twelve other places were in equal want, and in a short time as many men had offered themselves, six or eight from the graduating class of Yale Theological Seminary, where such an enthusiasm was created among the students, through letters and circulars and reports sent them, that Dr. Bacon remarked in the class one day, as a student wrote at the time, "If this thing continues much longer, it will add fifty thousand dollars to the home missionary treasury."

And now, with arrangements partly made for this new increase of missionary force, an unexpected voice was heard, "Go work in the great harvest field, where the Utes and the Idahoes used to roam unmolested by the civilizations of Christian white men," one of the fairest portions of our great domain, as to climate and soil, but cursed by the wreaking filth of Mormonism, defiant of civil authority, and insulting to high heaven.

As the voice was about to be obeyed it was countermanded, and so I continued longer to work in the land of the Dakotas.

CHAPTER XIII.

Around the Circle—Hotel Tent—Steamer General Rucker—Soliloquy—
Crowning Glory.

A swing around the circle—The first day: Eighty-five miles by stage; stuck in the mud once, but with the horses hitched to the end of the pole by a chain, and the shoulders to the wheels, were soon released.

Second day: Went by stage twenty-five miles; helped one unfortunate freighter out of the mud, and rode in the rain most of the way; eight names secured to the pledge for a church organization, and rooms in the depot engaged for the new minister.

Third day: Rode in a severe wind, so cold and penetrating that a heavy buffalo overcoat was very timely; took a boat across the river, as the bridge was washed away by the spring freshets; hired a livery for twenty miles, and reached the new town about night; made several calls on parties interested in missionary work, and retired to the realms of Morpheus about midnight.

Fourth day: Disappointed in not catching a construction train, and so was compelled to wear out the weary hours by waiting, rendered still more weary by the uninterrupted drizzling rain. The monotony was broken, after dinner, with a little music from the violin and organ, played by two young men boarding at the public house. Just at nightfall the

clouds broke away, and a wild-cat train brought relief. On reaching —— Junction, it was announced that the train would go no farther that night, and so we camped down in the car, in preference to a contest with fleas, and worse things, etc., that are so apt to assert their rights at frontier hotels.

Fifth day: Went on fifteen miles by rail, and hired a farmer's rig to go thirty miles farther; met the first fruits of the "Yale Dakota Band," a man and wife, who gave their adventures by the way, amid perils of waters and mud, and bloodthirsty insects, which seem to have a terrible spite against frontier missionaries.

Sixth day: Rested from the journey, and attended the Sabbath services in the beautiful, self-supporting church of the thriving city, where, on my visit a few years before, but two professing Christians could be found.

Seventh day: By stage and ferry boat reached the city, in spite of getting stuck in the mud once, and getting out of the vehicle four times to lighten the coach and save similar mishaps, in the twenty-four miles; selected lots for the building of a church, and rented a house for the new worker; at night took a train twenty miles, arriving at two o'clock, in a pouring rain, and resorted to the miserable apology of a hotel, dirty and desolate, but the only refuge that opened to the tired missionary.

Eighth day: Obtained ten pledges to a church organization, and went on by rail twenty miles; met a number of young men and women anxious to organize a church of their choice, and they pledged liberal help to their spiritual leader and guide.

Ninth day: Secured a commodious hall for public services, and obtained twenty pledges to start in the new missionary organization; at night took a freight train, and reached the place of rendezvous precisely at three o'clock the next morning, getting two hours of sleep in good, comfortable quarters.

Tenth day: Took the stage twenty miles, and was stuck in the mud once on the way.

Eleventh day: Took the train 175 miles, passing one fearful wreck of freight cars, and carefully creeping over several temporary bridges, supplying those recently washed away by the freshets and overflows of the early spring.

Twelfth day: Went on by rail 200 miles, and with no mishap reached the new town in good season, and persuaded the minister to reconsider his resolution to quit the field, and remain and finish the beautiful church which had been commenced.

Thirteenth day: Rode 250 miles by rail, and reached the missionary chamber, for a little rest, at three o'clock in the morning.

Fourteenth day: Attended a meeting for the location of a Christian college, Yankton being chosen, by unanimous vote, as the best place for such an institution.

Fifteenth day: Took a box car on a construction train, and reached the stopping place for the night in a pouring rain; took supper, and went to bed in the rough hotel, spending the night in thoughts of sleep, and speculations as to why certain creatures that sometimes infest sleeping apartments were made, supposing that nothing was made in vain; did not reach a satisfactory answer.

Sixteenth day: Took another construction train, sent out to repair the damages of recent tremendous rains and extemporized rushing rivers, and dragged along over ten miles very cautiously and slowly, meeting at length a team, and hiring the owner to turn about and take the anxious passenger to the river; overtaken at night by another fearful outpouring of the clouds; took shelter under the roof of a Russian settler, whose house and barns were in such close proximity as to give the full benefit of the strong odors that came up from the fresh heaps of barnyard compost; took supper, bread and milk, without any spoons, and camped on the floor, perfectly satisfied with the vote to make an early start in the morning.

Seventeenth day: Drove on with the German teamster fifteen miles; reached the railroad river bridge; footed it over; walked five miles, and hired a team for thirty miles, over roads marked with horrible sloughs and deep, bridgeless streams, the result of recent rains and overflows.

Eighteenth day: Rode all day, till ten o'clock at night, when "home, sweet home," greeted me.

The life of a pioneer home missionary superintendent is filled up with such swings around the circle as this. How would you like it? Glorious, isn't it!

While waiting a few days at a frontier town on the Missouri river, the best accommodations provided were an apology, even, for a shanty, with a miserable tent as a sleeping place. As this, very naturally, leaked in divers places, "decidedly dampened," was the term of frequent and appropriate use. A more full description of this memorable resting place would run somewhat thus: Pitched on the lee side of the

roughest kind of a shanty, eight months before; in the tent were four beds, so called; the bed ticks, one man positively affirmed, must have been stuffed with the hay that came from the ark just after Noah landed on Mount Ararat; the slats of the bed were pretty sure to fall out, and let their occupants down, just as sweet sleep was about to dissipate the cares of the day; in one corner of the tent was a rusty stovepipe, with several specimens of battered tinware, and old boxes and barrels that looked as if they might have been used by the family that survived the flood, and then have gone through the wars of the Crusades, the Revolution, the Rebellion, and, finally, the blizzards and overflows of the memorable winter of 1881; in another corner were several rag carpets, worse worn than some that the wives of home missionaries, by varied patchings and piecings, must metamorphose into new ones, or go on bare floors; all the dirt accumulated from the beginning was still there; old bits of rags, old shoes, musty and mould covered, old bottles and axle-grease boxes, were scattered about; several setting hens found places in tobacco kegs under the beds; a number of rusty chains, that one man was very confident might have been used by Methuselah, and several overalls that looked as if they might have been worn in the digging of wells by the servants of Abraham, were hanging upon the tent pole; innumerable fleas and bed bugs, that had waxen fat and flourishing, made some very decided impressions. Add to all this, frequent and violent rains, and just a little idea is gathered of the sleeping place provided for five mortal nights.

The bare fact that my corner chanced to be a little better

protected than the others, accounts for a few dry shreds after a fearful rain one night. With the rest of the company, six in all, "decidedly wet," was the only fitting term. Presently one man got up and dressed himself, exchanging wet bedding for wet coat, pants and boots, and after getting off some pretty good jokes about life in the far West, he lit his pipe and had a smoke, feigning to whistle a little between some of the puffs on his meerschaum and the sharp flashes of lightning that darted like chains of fire through the canvas bed room.

But oh, the joy of the next morning!

A large steamer was seen plowing its way up the river, and settling up my bill at a dollar a day for my sumptuous fare in the shanty and tent, I rushed down to the bank and waited the arrival of the welcome messenger. After a little while it began to rain, and soon got to pouring, and poured, and poured, and poured, for more than an hour before the boat landed. "Most emphatically drenched," was the word! Grip sack and everything in it were sopping wet! But fairly on board the boat, by the help of the seething smoke pipe, the moisture began to give way, and by the aid of the water, wash bowl and one slazy towel, much of the rich sediment of the Missouri river, and the adhesions of the old antediluvian-like tent disappearing, the spontaneous outburst was, "Clean again!" Comparatively speaking it was thus, though no very extra touches were attempted, and mud-glazed collars and cuffs, for want of others, still remained. Clean sheets and a decent bunk on the Gen. H. D. Rucker! It was like a sudden translation, hyperbolically speaking, from a sin-cursed world, to the realms of celestial glory.

What wonder at the slight tinge of independence and glorification in the soliloquy, "Rain away now, what do I care? you can't even disturb my sleep, however much you try, protected as I now am by one of the large crafts of the mighty father of waters."

But the crowning glory was the beginning of a Christian church, with the standards that ruled in the Mayflower, and the religious sentiments of good old New England, that mightiest factor in helping make the Nation intelligent, wise and pure for the ages to come, while its reflected light shall girdle the great globe itself, and redeemed souls in heaven shall shout their glad hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise.

CHAPTER XIV.

Destructive Ice Gorge — Brave Young Men — Fruits of Missions.

At the breaking up of the Missouri river, the longest stream in the world I believe, in the spring of 1881, the high water and the immense masses of floating ice, with the formation of tremendous ice gorges at different points, produced the most fearful havoc along the settlements of the lowlands, and sadly interfered with the missionary work in many places. When the ice began to run and the snows to melt, a fearful tide of destruction and death came pouring down through the country for hundreds of miles in length.

Mighty ice blocks, some of them acres in extent, and weighing hundreds of tons, mowed through forests of timber, battering down strong buildings, overwhelming thousands of beasts, and literally burying everything in the way beneath their cold, jagged, ponderous shapes. Churches, school houses, hotels, dwelling houses, depots, lumber, wood, machinery, farming implements, steamboats, yawls, skiffs, cattle, horses, swine, hay stacks, and large trees wrenched up by the roots, were caught by this mighty tide and swallowed up, as on, and on, and on the resistless current swept, with new accumulations and unrelenting fury. Literally and absolutely wiped out, was the least that could be said of some towns, where a little before thrift and security and hope prevailed.

At one point, more than fifteen miles of railroad were submerged, and much of it destroyed. Telegraph wires were broken down, the mails interrupted, and communication with the outside world for several weeks was well nigh cut off. At a short bend in the river, a little below Yankton, a mighty gorge of ice was formed, fifty feet high, fifteen miles wide, and sixty miles in length, turning the water from the old channel, and spreading it out over more than two hundred thousand acres of bottom lands, which were filled up with monstrous pieces of ice, while the water was eight to ten feet deep.

Thousands of people were rendered homeless, and the gain of years was swept away in an hour. Property valued at millions of dollars was destroyed.

At one place, over eighty buildings went off in a single day. Many people clung to wrecks of buildings or floating timbers for two or three days before they could be rescued. One house, with ten people on the roof, floated about five miles, halted at a town just long enough for its riders to escape, and starting on, was soon out of sight.

A few young men, by more than two weeks' exposure amid the ice and water, wet, cold, hungry and weary, saved over eight hundred people.

One noble fellow, with his little boat built by himself a few days before, and almost prophetically named the "Refuge," plunged into the water, amid acres of floating debris, and mountains of ice, determined to save his neighbors, or perish, if need be, in the attempt. Now jumping from one piece of ice to another, and holding on to his boat, and now clinging to the side of some tree above the water, till great clumps of

ice, through which he could not force his way, had passed, and now hurled into the cold stream by some unpropitious glacier floating down just in time to intercept him, he saved more than forty persons. This he did, not only at the great exposure of his own life, but the sacrifice of all his property—several thousand dollars—the fruit of hard years of toil and careful industry.

Surely the heroes live in every age! Never did ancient Greece exhibit anything more grand. The Spartan youth, fired with a love of fame, and taught to despise a coward, were small in comparison. Stanley, in his most perilous tours through Africa, never exhibited truer courage.

These men were among the first fruits of a little missionary church, as others, alike valiant, were of other churches.

And don't missions pay? Isn't it worth while to send the Gospel to such men?

The missionary's church building may be washed away by the floods, or crushed to pieces by the ice, and his flock be scattered to the four quarters of the globe, but the eternal ages will bear witness to the glory of his work in the saving of such men.

What undertaking is so grand as this? What expense is too great for it?

CHAPTER XV.

Black Hills—The Conveyance—Gumbo—Freighters—Villages and Cities
—Deadwood—Rapid City—Living under the Ground—Road Agents
—Rapid Growth—Summary.

The Black Hills.

Why black?

Because, from the pine trees with which they are covered, and in contrast with the open prairie, they look dark as they first appear to the traveler, jutting up as they do like a great spur, and visible for more than fifty miles.

At the terminus of the railroad, three hundred miles above Yankton, on the "grandfather of waters," as it might be called, in contrast with the Mississippi, the conveyance was a strong, mammoth coach, drawn by four spirited horses, and having comfortable seating room for nine passengers, besides space on top for half a dozen more, if need be.

Twenty-five dollars purchased a seat for a two-hundred-mile jaunt over the great Indian reservation, and thirty-eight hours were consumed in the journey. Every thirty miles brought two relays of horses, and, with hardly time to alight, we hurried on to the next point. Good eating houses were established at convenient distances, and there was no lack to the hungry ones without the need of a lunch basket.

The first twenty miles was through a kind of gumbo, operating when wet very much as soft putty would, were one to go through it, showing a stickiness so vicious as hardly to be surpassed by tar and feathers.

After the gumbo, long trains of freighters were objects of interest. A brief summary of such a train would be, say twenty oxen, about ten yoke each, attached to three heavy, canvas-covered wagons, firmly coupled together and controlled by one man, these twenty bovines being skillfully managed with the driver's mighty whip, of lavish dimensions. This one equipment multiplied by twenty, four hundred oxen and sixty wagons, made a train, as it slowly moved along, transporting freight of all kinds to the Black Hills. Every ox was supposed to know his name, and the theory was, not to whip the faithful creature, more and better service being found to accrue without the whipping than with it. The crack of the lash, which sounded like a pistol under the manipulations of the expert, was sufficient, so that the terms "bull whacker" and "mule skinner" were anomalous, only as applied to less progressive and more brutal drivers, of whom a sufficient number still remained.

But what was our surprise to find all of a sudden that our journey was through villages and populous cities, instead of over an uninhabited waste, as had been supposed, and how chagrined we were, notwithstanding the truth that our country was the asylum for the oppressed of all lands, when we found that the dwellers in these populous towns, the prairie dogs, harbored in their homes even the owl and the rattlesnake, with whom they are said to live on the most friendly terms.

When night came, as the stage kept going, we at length began to drowse and nod, and diligently continued this till morning. Though we got a few little snatches of rest and sleep, yet, because of needing more, we kept doing the same thing nearly all the next day.

Ten o'clock the following evening brought us to far-famed Deadwood, the metropolis, unsurpassed by its activities, up to this time, as an outfitting station for nearly all the towns of the Hills.

A home missionary held the fort at this head center of commingling forces, good, bad, and fierce beyond measure. A spirited prayer meeting the next evening showed the faith and zeal of the good people, who had got their religion over the rivers and across the plains, to the mountains and the mines.

At Rapid, one of the gateways of the Hills, forty-five miles from Deadwood, was a home missionary, once under the American Board in India. The site of the town was a beautiful one, in a vast fertile plain, good for stock and farming purposes, as were other cities of the Hills, most of which were surrounded on three sides by mountains, and on the other side showed wide, extensive plains of thousands of acres adapted to agriculture and stock raising. Large herds of cattle had found their way into those regions, and hundreds of farmers had taken up their homesteads.

Nearly half the people in the Hills lived under the ground, digging out the precious ores and bringing them up into the great smelting and reduction works, where other busy workers toiled day and night to separate the good from the bad.

A fellow passenger gave a very vivid description of his experience with "road agents," as the highwaymen of those regions were called a few years ago.

"There were three of these desperadoes," he said, "who were thoroughly masked and well armed. One of these paid

his attention to the driver, who did not care to parley very much with the cut throats, and so he remained quiet while the other two plundered the mail sacks and robbed the passengers. My loss," said the man, "was \$500, and as I plead with the villain to leave me at least five dollars to carry me through the day," he exclaimed with a fearful oath:

"No, I wont! I want that to go to State's prison with next winter."

And sure enough he was soon afterwards arrested and sent for a term of ten years.

"I'm sure you wont be so ungentlemanly as to rob a woman," said the only lady passenger, to which he replied:

"Well, I'm not very much on etiquette, just now, and if you have any money, and I can find it, I'm bound to have it."

Searching her all over, and not finding the coveted prize, as he was about to leave the coach, he suddenly turned back and said:

"I've known women to conceal money in their hair."

And giving her waterfall a rude shake, out dropped a roll of bills, a hundred and sixty-five dollars. Having made a clean job, they mounted their horses, discharged each a single shot into the air, and told the driver to go on.

At a point where a new mine had been discovered, a town was suddenly laid out, and in less than forty-eight hours from five hundred to a thousand people were there. On the third day, nine saloons were in operation, a couple of faro banks were opened, and several restaurants started; while on the fourth day morning, a newspaper was issued, and in less than two weeks, more than fifty buildings had been erected and a dozen mining companies organized to develop the country

adjacent to this marvelous mine, significantly, perhaps, called the "Bengal Tiger," and very likely to devour many an unwary meddler, if not to drive out a whole community.

Of the Black Hills country as a whole, it may be said, "It's a gem, set with emeralds." Its beautiful and rich parks, so finely adapted to agriculture and grazing, are certain to have a large and permanent population, to say nothing of the mines, many of which are unsurpassed in richness and, to all appearance, in the abundance of paying ores.

"It's the best stock country in the world," said a fellow passenger. "I've had several hundred head of cattle there now for two years. They look nicely in the spring, after living out all winter and taking care of themselves. I have thirty thousand head in the Indian Territory and Kansas, and I propose to rush them into the Hills as speedily as possible."

And could the King's servants be too wide awake in their missionary and educational endeavors at such points, where the Gospel and the school are needed from the very beginning?

CHAPTER XVI.

Welcome Home—Religion and Politics—Bible Verse—Santa Claus—
Taken Away the Well—Baby's Angel—Samuel's Coat—Are You
Going to Heaven?—Climb Through—Real Good Meeting—New
Dress Torn—Little Crumb—Tears with Joys.

"It's father!" was the glad shout of two members of the home circle, both of golden locks and spirits as gay as the lark, as I approached the gate after an absence of five months. It was a glad welcome home, and added much to the joy of returning.

Many cheers for the little children. How they enter into all the warp and woof of life. What educators they are! What wonder that the old prophet, referring to the good time coming, should have said, "A little child shall lead them," and that another should have added, "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Pity to the house that has no little ones! How many cute things they say! How many queer things they do!

The little two year old, when his uncle was ill at our house one day, said, "I must go and pray for him," and taking his little chair, away he trudged into the bed room, and knelt down and prayed, and then got up and stood in his chair, (it was just before election,) and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for Fremont!" Then he knelt and prayed again. Quite a mixing up of religion and politics, but of course very amusing to the parents.

Oh, the little children! How they keep mother running, and make a pack horse of father! How varied their occupation! Now, they have to discipline Rover for his bad behavior, and now they try to teach the cat verses of scripture. They sing like a nightingale, ask questions that puzzle the philosopher, and give advice that sets the whole house into convulsions. They are as busy as a bee, as chipper as a lark, filling the most important place in all hearts.

The little hands of the youngest sometimes reached up and pulled the dishes on to the floor from the table, and so the brother, just a little older, proposed as a remedy one of the commandments, as he called it. "Listen to me now," was the sage advice, "and I'll teach you a Bible verse," and looking him straight in the eye, and gesticulating with the finger, to give particular emphasis to his words, with all the solemnity imaginable it came out, "*Thou shalt not pull the dishes off the table!*"

The little brothers, soon after their first knowledge of Santa Claus, this curious friend of all children, having experienced a few days before some tokens of his regard, concluded in their plays one day to court his favor again, and so pulling off their stockings and fastening them to the wall, they went to the lounge and lay down to make believe they were going to sleep, and wait for their wonderful friend to come and deposit his treasures.

As it happened they *did* go to sleep, and how surprised they were when they awoke and found their stockings filled, for their mother, chancing to go into the room, and seeing the position of things, as they were sleeping away so soundly, could not help taking her share in the fun.

"Surely, Santa Claus has been here," they exclaimed, on awaking, and seeing such proofs of his visit, in the nuts, and cakes, and candies, as they turned their stockings upside down. And how they did shout and sing, at the unexpected success of their make-believe visit from the great patron saint!

"Oh, mamma, mamma," said the little girl, as she ran in from outside the house where the well curb had been removed for repairs, "They've taken the well all away, and left nothing but a great, big hole in the ground!"

"Where's the baby?" said the mother one day, as the little thing had crept out of sight, and was as whist as a mouse.

She had made her way into the pantry, got hold of the molasses jug, pulled the stopple out, and emptied the contents onto the floor—and how her tiny little hands did make it fly! This surely was a rare treat from the baby's angel, and when the mother approached, with all the innocence imaginable she looked up with triumphant smile and exultant glee, her face, and hands, and hair, and her whole little self covered over with sweetness perfectly apparent. Convulsed with laughter, the mother exclaimed:

"Did you ever, *ever*! Oh, come quick and see the baby!"

And if laughing conduces to digestion, certainly a good appetite was prepared for supper that night, for the little fairy did look so comical.

However well children like new clothes, it is difficult, as any mother knows, to keep a child still long enough to get a good fit in making up its garments, and when the first coat and pants had caused the little man some sad experience of this sort, as his mother told him the story, a few days afterward, of the little coat that the mother of Samuel used to

make and carry to him in the temple once a year, he exclaimed, "How nice that was for Samuel, not to have to try his clothes on when his mother was making them up."

While the youngest of the group entertained an aged woman of high social position and wealth with a brief history of the family, as she came to the last, she said, "But Edith," on whose grave the wild flowers of the prairie bloomed, "has gone to heaven;" are *you* going to heaven?"

A slight pause followed this plain and unexpected question, when, as if she would relieve the difficulty, she replied, "You can come out to Dakota and go with us; we're all going"—a queer little speech, as innocently made as it was pleasing to the worthy matron thus addressed.

"You mustn't climb over the fence there by the railroad," was the injunction given one day; "the cars may come along and run over you." But the very next day the little fellow was discovered on the other side of the fence again.

"Come here, my son; didn't I tell you not to climb over the fence by the railroad?" said the mother.

"I didn't climb *over*," was the answer, "I climb through!"

When the little girl, one Sabbath afternoon, with hymn book and Bible had been having her meeting in one corner of the room, and for half an hour had amused herself with singing and make-believe reading, and praying and preaching, after the benediction, she drew a long breath and said:

"Well it's been a real good meeting, only there wasn't anybody to it."

On another occasion, the same young priestess had the misfortune, through a little carelessness on her part, to tear a new dress which her mother had just made her, when she was overheard praying about it.

"Oh Lord," she said, "we greatly fear that we have torn our new dress; yes, we greatly fear that we have torn our new dress," and then, getting up and pointing to the dress in another part of the room, she said, with great solemnity, "that's the dress—that one up there."

The hero of the following was only a little past his second year, when, as he sat in his high chair at the dinner table one day, he shoved his plate aside, and called for his dessert.

"Yes, in a moment," was the answer; "but first clean off your plate, don't leave it in that way."

It was only half a bite, but still he concluded not to eat it.

"Then you can't have any of the nice pudding," was the reply, with no thought of getting into a controversy.

But he had taken his position, and was bound to hold it. Waiting till the rest had been served, he asked again, but made no outcry.

"Yes," was the answer; "when you eat that little bit on your plate; you can have no more till you eat that." "All right," was the answer, as fully as actions could say it, and down he got on to the floor and went about his play as happy as need be, only by a certain bearing seeming to say, "I'll let you know I'm not going to eat what's left on my plate." "We'll put it away and you must eat it before you have anything more," he was told, and off he went, shouting and singing and ready to do anything he was told, but this one thing. About the middle of the afternoon he asked his mother for something to eat. The crumb on the plate was offered, but he wouldn't touch it. At supper time he took his place at the table as usual, and after the blessing was asked, the dinner plate with its half mouthful of food was offered, but he didn't

want it. He was hungry. He looked wistfully at the good things before him. "Just eat that," said his mother; "it's nice and good; swallow it down like a little man, and then you can have all you want." But no, and again he left the table as cheerful and lively as ever, but still more emphatically saying, so far as actions could speak, "*I'm not going to eat it.*"

Just before bed time he again asked for something, but still refused the controverted crumb. He went to bed fasting, slept all night, was up as early as usual in the morning, and in his place at the breakfast table, but when that terrible plate was brought, and the same arguments as before were still used, he evinced the same unflinching determination, and finally left the table again and went about his play, as much as to say, "I'll let you know."

Pretty good grit, surely, we began to think.

At the family worship he repeated his little prayer as usual, and seemed perfectly tractable. In an hour or two he called for something to eat, but spurned the crumb of yesternoon. About ten o'clock he was so weak that he went onto the lounge of his own accord, and took a nap out of the usual time. When he awoke, once more he called for something to eat.

"Will you take the crumb?" it was still asked, "and then you can have all you want."

It was still good and wholesome; but no, he was not quite ready to surrender yet.

Again he was off, as brisk as ever at his play. But just before noon hunger conquered, and he ran to his mother in all haste, and said: "Mamma, mamma, give me the crumb and I'll eat it!"

Huzza! The rubicon was passed, and the parents had gained the day!

It was a hot battle of twenty-four hours, but victory perched on the right banner, and from that time there was no more crossing of swords between him and his parents. It was a life-long victory, and a happy day for both parties in the strife.

But tears mingled with joy, when the bright little spirit that was growing with such promise in the home of the shepherd of the Yankton flock was suddenly borne away to yield fruitage in the celestial garden, and to give a happy greeting to friends as they shall follow by and by.

Near our home had been planted a grove, and in that grove, looking toward the south and over the beautiful landscape, with our own hands we dug the grave, into which we gently lowered the little form, and covered it over with the earth consecrated by our tears, and especially precious because holding in its warm embrace all that remained of the departed loved one. A few months, and the King needed in his royal palace a little songster from our own home also. In the same beautiful grove, beside the little mound so recently made, the same work of love was performed in her behalf.

"Let us go and get those flowers out on the prairie yonder," said the two brothers, "and plant them on her grave."

It was a choice little cluster, the first bright tokens of spring, and for a long time they grew there as emblems of love for the one whose little body rested beneath them.

Those were sad days, and yet there was a deep undertone of joy, according to the promise of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XVII.

Unsurpassed Skill—The Old House—Roughing It—A Glimpse—Bushel of Peas—Kind Helpers—Unexpected Testimony—Some of the Returns—First Why?—Second Why?—Professor Phelps—Professor Hoppin—Professor Park—The Great Need.

It's sometimes a wonder to the pioneer missionary how he lives.

Were it not for the thrifty housewife, it would be a greater wonder still. She, it is certain, stands *par excellence* above all the women of the world.

She knows how to metamorphose the old into the new—turning wrong side out and upside down, bringing the bright spots to view and concealing the dull ones, basting, quilting, pressing, contriving, giving a quirk here and a crimp there, and by the power of her magic touch quite changing to passable style the worn and faded piece of apparel. She makes the old carpet new a good many times over, and does divers wonderful things of the same sort "*per necessitate.*"

But there are some things that transcend her wonderful skill, even.

Such was a house that we were compelled to occupy for a time—a house through the opening in the roof of which we could see the stars from our bed room, as we looked up at night. The cottonwood shingles and siding were so warped and twisted that the wind whistled through the cracks, making several Æolian harps in different directions, and admitting the rains and snows *ad libitum*.


After one storm, we took from the attic as much as a cart load of snow, but not being able to make a thorough cleaning out of the cold intruder, when it thawed in the spring, we were so flooded by the water, that we had to remove our carpet from the floor, pictures from the walls, and books from their niche in the corner, and for several days go with rubber shoes to keep our feet dry. We sometimes found, on awaking in winter mornings, a good, thick, extra quilt of snow for a covering, and once our boots and shoes were pretty well filled with the frosty element.

It almost brings the chills to think of it.

And then the thousands of miles of travel, sometimes through mud and rain, and sometimes under the scorching heat of the sun, and again, through blinding blizzards and the most intense cold, sometimes sleeping on the bare prairie at night, and sometimes on the floor of the claim shanty, or in the stable with the horses, or under the straw stack in the field, and sometimes, because of an empty treasury in New York, waiting for the quarterly installment for a month, or two months, or three months, with grocery bills, and wood bills, and house rent and other accounts to meet, and at last borrowing money, at twenty per cent. interest, in order to escape the imputation of a dishonest debtor, are not to be mentioned, I suppose, only as a part of the glory of this good work.

A glimpse at six consecutive weeks: Booming times; four trunk-line railroads, besides several cross roads, crowded with new comers; hotels overrun; the most intense activity; goods piled up promiscuously in every direction, waiting to be moved out to the future homes of their owners; from seven to nine

passenger coaches full of new comers twice a day; nine freight trains every twenty-four hours; from 3,000 to 5,000 emigrants daily; commotion, excitement and drive on every hand; towns springing up like magic; fourteen churches organized in three months—three on one Sabbath; six houses of worship dedicated; sixteen new missionaries obtained; opening of a Christian college, with a hundred pupils; first Sabbath, preached twice, attended Sabbath school, and took part in a young men's prayer meeting; next Sabbath, preached in the morning, attended Sabbath school at noon, young men's meeting in the afternoon and monthly concert in the evening; went 250 miles, preached twice, attended prayer meeting, counseled with the brethren, and settled some hitherto complicated questions; went on eighty miles, conferred with the minister about church building; took the train fifty miles, arranged for future work; went forward 300 miles, answered a large budget of letters, talked with the friends about a new man; took the train eighty miles, preached twice, and spoke at the Sabbath school; answered fifty letters; hurried on 250 miles, to meet the call, "Come as quickly as you can—the juncture is critical, and in all probability will decide the future of Congregationalism in this important center;" at night slept on the train, the next night, on the floor; arranged matters happily; went on by train seventy-five miles, then eighty miles, then 150 miles, counseled with the brethren at the first two points, helped dedicate a church and raise a debt of \$160, at the latter; drove a team fifteen miles, held a meeting, staged it eighty miles, half the way in the rain; looked over the field, encouraged the minister to start a church building as soon as possible; slept on the floor; went



by rail fifty miles, cheered up the minister, who was almost ready to leave through varied discouragements; rode all day and half the night, 300 miles; answered 100 letters; took the train 250 miles, and the stage fifty; helped dedicate a church and raise a debt of \$300; had a street service, with about forty saloon men in the audience; preached in the new church; gathered in some of the street hearers; went by rail and hack 300 miles; answered waiting letters, arranged for a meeting of the General Association; visited five points, from fifty to a hundred miles apart, requiring 500 miles of travel, 200 by stage; gave four days to the annual meeting; took the midnight train, reached the projected point the next night, answered a big pile of letters; prepared items for some religious papers; made out report for New York, and yearly report for printing; started by stage at three o'clock in the morning; rode eighty miles, two-thirds of the way in the rain, helped dedicate a church and arrange for adding to the house of the Lord a steeple and a bell; for two weeks at the American Board, at Detroit, and the National Council, at Concord, N. H.; gave twelve home missionary talks in Boston, New Bedford, Taunton and Providence, and spoke to the students at Andover and Yale; took in the meeting of the W. B. M. I., at Milwaukee, and spoke briefly; back to the front, at a new town of 100 houses in two weeks; slept in a room eight by twenty feet, eleven beds, three sleepers in a bed; dining-room floor, kitchen floor, tables and chairs covered with sleepers; drove fifty miles to see one of the workers thought to be insane, and make new plans for his field; at a new town, helped start a house of worship; aided in the dedication of a church and the raising of a debt;

found two lay preachers, good Bible students, and drafted them for the work; four days in a revival meeting, while planning for important changes in the town; up five nights on a twelve days' trip. The Lord gave strength, future ages will show the results, and God shall have all the glory.

For six months it was necessary to ride sixty miles every week, oftentimes over the worst of roads, to keep up my appointments, and my pay from the people was just one bushel of peas, which I sowed, gathering from the crop the enormous yield of three pecks. But the people were poor; they had nothing to give but good cheer, and this they bestowed without stint.

The contributors for my missionary outfit were valuable helpers in the important work, enabling me, with ponies and buggy, to more than compass the globe. The missionary boxes, likewise, that came now and then from friends unknown, were like merchant ships, cheering the heart and lightening the burden, as sparkling eyes and outbursts of joy from both parents and children testified, as they revealed their contents, prepared by such loving hands.

The Master has written in His book all these tokens of love, and will not forget them when He makes up His jewels.

"I beg your pardon," said a man not long since, "but I wish to ask if you are not a minister of the Gospel?"

"I am."

"Did you not preach a sermon in such a place, at such a time, from such a text?"

"I did."

"Well," said he, "as soon as I entered the dining room to-

day, my eye fell on you, and in a moment I said, There's the man; I don't know who he is, or where he lives, who preached that sermon that I've thought of so many times. I shall never forget it. I'm glad to see you, and to tell you how much good it did me. The Lord be with you!"

And away he hurried to the train, leaving me as ignorant of his history as he was of mine.

How many utterances the future may show to have been thus timely, of which nothing now can be known! *

The day of judgment only can tell the large and glorious returns that may come from the work of the pioneer missionary.

It was my happy lot to share, by varied experiences, in the organization of more than a hundred churches, working up many of them from the beginning.

This means much hard, rough service, of which ministers in the East know little or nothing. It means 25,000 miles of travel by team, in all sorts of conveyances and all kinds of weather, eating all kinds of food, prepared in all kinds of ways, sleeping in all kinds of bed rooms, sometimes in the stable with the horses, in the field under the hay stack, on the open prairie by the roadside: one night where the water would freeze into solid ice, and the next night, perhaps, where the air would be heated to suffocation, and poisoned by the fumes of bad tobacco and worse whiskey; going by rail in all sorts of cars, and on all kinds of trains, 250,000 miles, or equal to ten times around the globe. The churches increased a hundred fold. The one Sabbath school of twenty or thirty members grew to over two hundred schools, with a membership of five or six thousand.

Yankton College crystallized into an institution of large promise, while the population of the Territory increased from a few scattered thousands to over half a million. Fifty million acres of land were entered, while nearly everything advanced in like measure.

The southern part of the Territory asked for admission into the Union as a new State, and voted to come in with prohibition on her banner, thanks to the missionary workers.

"But why did you leave the work in Dakota which you had been doing with such marked results for nearly a score of years?" asked a friend, and the question has been repeated a hundred times since.

The only answer to be given was, "That's a mystery never to be solved, I presume, in this world. I liked the work, and was zealously devoted to it."

The secretaries at New York often expressed themselves as greatly pleased with it. On four different occasions I was called East to tell the churches about it, and stir them up to increased interest and larger giving.

The Executive Committee of the Society passed resolutions highly commendatory. The General Association of the Territory did the same.

The brethren in the field, with the exception, perhaps, of a few cases to be expected, gave similar approval; and yet, at great expense to myself, and the breaking up of family and home, I was compelled to give up my office, which, by long experience, I was better fitted to fill than ever before.

Protest was useless.

There was no court of appeal—not even a council, by which I could have a hearing. I had to go, though it nearly

broke my heart to leave the work, and the hearts of those most intimately associated with me.

The day of judgment may possibly tell why it was.

"But why did you leave," it was asked again, and has been repeated oftener than the other was, "the Field Secretaryship of the American Congregational Union in New England?" "My dear friend," was the only answer I could give, "that's more difficult to explain than the other.

I was told to go, and this *completely* broke our hearts.

I had given myself wholly to the work; had spoken, for more than two years, twice *every* Sabbath, sometimes three, and occasionally four times each day, and often during the week; had taken no vacation; had received many words of good cheer; was everywhere welcomed, and always asked to come again, when, to my great surprise, the breaking up of family and home, with more than a thousand dollars damage to myself, it was written, that "while" I "had wrought faithfully and done good," and that "no man could be asked to be more faithful," yet I must leave the work, the sole reason assigned being the strange assertion, that I "did not raise money," though I held receipts for thousands of dollars; receipts in figures like the following: \$50—more than a score of these, \$75, \$80, \$90, \$100—more than twenty of this latter kind, \$250, \$350, \$540, besides other sums ranging all through the scale.

A collection was taken every Sabbath, and money was often sent to me for the Society; and often, in answer to my efforts, was sent by private individuals directly to the treasury.

One church gave \$600 in response to my appeal, and one

man in the congregation gave a bell for a church in the West.

Following my talk in another church, "I shall give," said one man, in addition to what the church would also give, "\$2,000, perhaps \$3,000 within the year;" and one of the last acts of his life was to sign papers in the interests of the cause.

When word came for me to lay down my office, I was negotiating, with a fair prospect of success, with the trustees of two large estates, from which nothing can now be had, and several large churches, hitherto making generous contributions, have since turned their gifts into other channels.

The secretaries of other older and larger societies pronounced my money raising a good showing, and my receipts were continually increasing, the last three months being the best of all. Nearly every church where I went enlarged its giving. Many doubled their contributions, and some gave for the first time. Twenty churches, many of them large and wealthy, were asking me to come and speak to them, when that appalling letter so utterly confounded me by the assertion that I did not raise money!

A number of business men, of high standing in Christian circles, well acquainted with my work, insisted upon my meeting these calls at their charges, which I partly did, always finding a wide open door. The same men wished to keep me in the field longer, and the "Essex South and Salem Association," one of the largest and ablest ministerial bodies in New England, were heartily and unanimously opposed to my removal, speaking in the warmest terms of praise from what they had seen and known of my work.

A public vote of thanks was often given me at conferences, and after being retired from the field secretaryship, scores of the most flattering testimonials were sent me by eminent Christian workers, both East and West. Two offers were also made me, which for good reasons I could not accept, to take the agency for raising money in the interests of another branch of Christian benevolence, almost immediately following the announcement that I was a failure in this respect, though right in every other way.

But no matter; I must give up my official work for church building, and in so doing, I tried to smooth the way as best I could for my successor, giving him through the religious papers my best blessing, with the hope that he might, and naturally would, be still more successful than I had been. And now, though not in the thick of the fight, as during the past twenty years, yet I gladly lend a helping hand as opportunity is given. My heart is still in the work as much as ever, and the people at these older frontiers are as glad to hear about it as the churches of New England.

The large map kindly sent me by a friend in New York is a wonderful object lesson, showing the vast extent of our national domain, and the mighty missionary field given us to cultivate. All are interested in the subject, which appeals alike to the patriot and the Christian, and after an hour's talk they invariably wish to hear more. Those who read my book can judge for themselves as to the merits of the case, touching the hundreds of inquiries, "Why did you leave the work?"

For the many hearty words and generous—I may say more than generous—letters sent me after I was compelled to give

up my office, I am justly proud. And here I record my heartfelt and everlasting thanks.

But enough. The past is gone. The record is made, and I am sure that I can look back upon the twenty years of home missionary service at the front, and the four home missionary campaigns in New England during the time, for the purpose of bringing, as the result, more money to the treasury, and the two years and over in the interests of church building, with more pride than I could look upon glorious victories won on the field of bloody battle, or rejoice in large material wealth gained in business, though not a dollar have we (I mean myself and mine) accumulated in the holy warfare to which God and the brethren have called us.

Were we to live those years over again, we would give our energies to the work with the same untiring zeal as heretofore, for there is certainly no other work in the world more important or big with promise than the great home missionary work.

The privilege given the Christian people of America and the present generation, touching this work, is both grand and fearful!

The whole world is to be everlastingly affected by the way this privilege is met.

Said an eminent professor, with great reason, truly, "If I were a missionary in Calcutta, my most fervent daily prayer would be for the success of the pioneer missionary of America."

Said another professor, "America Christianized means the world Christianized; and another still, "If America fails, the world fails."

And now what seems to be the great, immediate, pressing need?

More of the Lord's money.

Look at a single fact as presented by Dr. Strong, in "Our Country:"

"Ten millions of this people," he says, "pay \$900,000,000 a year for liquor, and as many professing Christians do not pay any where near a hundredth part as much—only \$5,500,000"—for carrying forward the grandest work of the ages.

The great, the crying need now seems to be, more money for the prosecution of missionary work in the world. The Master wants it, as indicated by the wide-open doors all along our vast frontiers—the mighty incoming empires of the West, so soon to decide the destiny of the world.

Are the Christian people of to-day fully awake to this matter? Are we not doling out a mere pittance, when we should be giving most liberally? If the latter is true, we must be failing of the largest blessings that were ever offered to any people.

What, then, is to be done?

We must wake up to the true condition of things. We must bring in the tithes, and thus meet the demands and opportunities of the times. The rich must give according to their riches, and the poor according to their poverty.

Here we are, a great army of God's people. Christ is the King. He has died to purchase an inheritance for his followers beyond the skies. He has arisen from the dead, and gone up on high to prepare places for them. He will return very soon to take them to Himself.

In the meantime, He has said, "Occupy till I come." Do this work of mine. Christianize America. Sustain the missionary work at the frontier. Build houses of worship and parsonages. Establish Christian colleges, and maintain them. Send the Gospel to the freedmen. Give it to the Scandinavian, the German and all the people of the Old World, as they come to this great New World. Send the Gospel abroad everywhere.

This is spoken to every child of Christ throughout the land. It means that we are to do more, to give more, to bring all the tithes into the storehouse.

There are millions of these tithes; and millions are needed for the work, and needed now. But He has given to His people billions—in 1880, as Dr. Strong in his stirring little book tells us, \$8,725,400,000; by this time, it is estimated to be twelve billions. The income on that, at five per cent., would be \$600,000,000. One-tenth of that given for missions, the amount required of God's ancient people, would be \$60,000,000. Is that too much? Take one-half of it, thirty millions, and leave the rest for the ordinary church work at home. This certainly could be raised without entrenching on a single luxury of life.

But can it be raised? do you ask.

Why not?

How? do you repeat.

Easily enough, I think. The good people of the Lord, I verily believe, are waiting for it.

Let the leaders in the churches systemize a plan—a plan so broad in its scope, that each member shall know his proportion, even to the little child, whose tax of five cents would

be as much, relatively, as that of the millionaire, whose share would be among the thousands. Thus may be carried forward the grandest warfare that the world has ever seen. While some might object to such a plan, the great majority of God's people are doubtless ready for it.

Sectarianism, prejudice, self interest, and all petty narrowness, must be given up, of course, and through the leaders in the ranks the bugle note of the Lord must be sounded to go forward, and as sure as God is on the throne, victory will crown the movement, and the world will be subdued to its rightful Lord and Master.

This is a matter that lies close to the great, throbbing, yearning heart of the Savior, who wants His people to do the work in all its details and branches, so far as they are able to do it by their consecration, their service and their money. That this call may soon be answered, is the earnest prayer of the author of this book, as I trust it may be of all its readers.

The Lord speed the day.

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